KRISHNA MENON drawn by VICKY

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The Road to War in the Far East

THE hot breath of war from the Far East could be felt in Whitehall and Westminster this week. Sir Anthony Eden gave an impression of good intentions and muddled counsels. We need far more outspoken leadership. Every day Chiang Kai-shek's planes loaded with American bombs blast the Chinese mainland. Sir Anthony truly says that the first task is to obtain a cease-fire. Of course, but how can that happen while the pretence remains that America is acting to defend a vital interest, and that Peking, not Washington, has set a light to this prairie fire?

What lies behind the dangerous ambiguities in which President Eisenhower has sought to define U.S. policy on Formosa? His message, to which Congress has responded with alacrity, asked for authority not merely to defend Formosa and the Pescadores from Communist attack, but also, if this proved necessary for the protection of Formosa, to intervene in "closely related localities." This might mean mainland ports as well as the Quemoy and Matsu groups. In fact, as one Representative pointed out, it could mean full-scale war between America and China, and even the bombing of the trans-Siberian railway. It is not surprising that sober opinion in both Asia and Europe has reacted anxiously to a policy which greatly increases the risk of fighting between Chinese and American units and is a grave step back from the more moderate and realistic line that the President has been taking towards China in recent months.

Yet this does not seem to have been the President's intention. Before Christmas, he openly repudiated Senator Knowland's demand for a blockade of China as "an act of war"; last September, he vetoed a 3 to 1 recommendation by the Chiefs of Staff for attacking the mainland if Quemoy were invaded; and, as part of the mutual security pact with Chiang Kai-shek (still to be ratified), he made it clear that, in return for the defence of Formosa, Chiang undertook not to raid the mainland. The object of his policy, in short, seems to have been to minimise the points of conflict between the Nationalists and Communists, and to limit the risk that the U.S. might become involved. It was put about, if Mao would accept this situation, the U.S. might come round to recognising Peking, and agreeing to Mao Tse-tung's admission to the U.N. Even so there would always be the provision that Peking would leave Chiang undisturbed in his Formosan sanctuary.

This attempt to produce a more flexible policy was wrecked at the outset by its own contradictions; it has, indeed, aggravated the situation in the Formosan Straits. So long as the U.S. starts with the assumption that no negotiation is possible about the future of Formosa, it can only rely on military strength and the threat of a wider war to enforce a stalemate. Peking may postpone the enforcement of its clear rights to Formosa for the moment, but its belief that America means war will only be strengthened.

As a matter of fact, U.S. intentions seem fairly clear. Formosa and the Pescadores have been included—though Dean Acheson specifically excluded them in 1950—in the island chain claimed as essential for the defence of U.S. strategic interests in the Pacific, and they will be held at all costs and indefinitely. This is the "inner line." The "outer line," to be held by the Chinese Nationalists if they can, now excludes the Tachens, but may include Quemoy and Matsu. These islands, for which Chiang's troops may fight, or from which they could only be withdrawn under U.S. air and naval cover, remain the immediate flash-point. The President is clearly gambling that Peking will be satisfied for the moment by America's decision to abandon the rest of the off-shore island chain.

The dangers in this policy are surely obvious. This display of strength commits the U.S. even more strongly to war in defence of Formosa. The tragedy is that it is the dis-

play of force, not its diplomatic motive, that is likely to matter: as Congress stampeded to support the President, only Senator Mansfield openly dissented with a plea for a general political settlement of the Formosan issue.

Dangerous crises are inevitable so long as the U.S. continues to support the Kuomintang. Peking might conceivably and temporarily accept the neutralisation of Formosa—with Chiang's troops disbanded and political control by a U.N. in which Peking was represented—if there was a clear recognition that the island would eventually return to China. Nowhere, outside the U.S., is the doctrine acceptable that Formosa is essential to the security of California. Nor is China's reasonable determination to end foreign intervention and a rebel threat off her coast a reason for starting a world war. Indeed if Britain were to make it clear that she will not support American intervention in what Mr. Attlee rightly calls a civil war, the chance of prudence in Washington would be greatly increased.

Reconstructing the Railways

It is obviously good sense that a big capital sum should be spent on bringing the British railways up to date; everybody admits that they have been starved of capital for a long time, and that thorough reorganisation is overdue. But when it comes to making a definite plan the disagreements begin. Some would like to see comprehensive electrification, accompanied by the wholesale closing of branch lines which could not be made to pay on this basis; others favour the widespread use of diesel locomotives, side by side with more limited electrification on the main and suburban lines which carry the densest traffic. The plan issued this week by the Transport Commission, which is estimated to cost £1,200 million spread over 15 years, rejects general electrification, but proposes quite large measures of electrification both in Southern England and on the main lines from London to Lancashire and Yorkshire, together with diesel development of the lines running to the South-West. In the South, electrification is to be complete as far as Reading and Portsmouth, and also from London to Ipswich and to Letchworth. Elsewhere, the steam locomotive is gradually to disappear, and branch lines that are kept open are to be taken over by diesel multiple-unit services. The Commission estimates that the investment will yield £85m. more annual revenue, against increased fixed charges of £70m.

On the material side, there is not much fault to find with the plan, if it is assumed that the only task is that of restoring solvency to the railways as a separate and independent transport service, without any attempt to establish a co-ordinated transport system designed to make the most economical use of the transport services as a whole. This, however, is a highly questionable assumption; it runs directly counter to the basic assumptions which underlay the nationalisation schemes of the 1940s. It remains very doubtful whether the railways can be made economically viable on their own, even in the long run, if they are to pay good wages and afford good working conditions. The Labour Party, without opposing the present plan, should insist on the need for a co-ordinated transport service as the essential long-run objective.

The Effect on Man-power

One very important issue is that of the ability of the engineering and kindred industries to meet the demands which the plan will make on their capacity. The report recognises that even the limited electrification plans may exceed the capacity of industry to supply the requisite rolling stock and other installations, and that some part of the plan of long-distance main-line electrification may for this reason have to be postponed. In that case, diesel traction will be introduced instead as a temporary expedient. Clearly the shortage of capacity is deemed by the Commission a sufficient reason for ruling out general electrification for the present. Even the limited projects included in the plan will involve a considerable change in the distribution, as well as in the total amount, of man-power employed. There will be a need for a bigger technical engineering personnel: the old-style locomotive driver will gradually disappear; and there will be large economies in the handling of goods traffic as well as in employment at stations on the lesser lines. This will involve much negotiation with the trade unions, whose co-operation will be indispensable at every stage of the change-over. In its final report the Court of Inquiry suggests that the "unhappy" relations between the Commission and the unions should be investigated in detail. Whether or not the Government accepts this suggestion, it is clear that goodwill depends on good management as well as on loyal workers.

A Middle East Blunder

The announcement that Nuri Said has decided to sign an Iraqi-Turkish military pact reveals a woefully misdirected triumph of American diplomacy. For years Washington has been trying to stiffen the soft underbelly of the Middle East by linking Turkey, Persia, Iraq and Pakistan and supplying each of them with military assistance. This plan, of course, cuts across British policy, which still relies for the defence of the Middle East on building up the Arab League, and has been chiefly concerned, since the signature of the Suez Agreement, with strengthening the Anglo-Egyptian accord. Under that agreement, Egypt had made the very considerable concession that the base should be automatically re-activated in the event of an attack not only on a member of the Arab League, but on Turkey as well; and it was considered as a considerable triumph for Sir Anthony Eden when it was announced that old grudges would be forgotten and Colonel Nasser would pay a State visit to Turkey. For a brief moment it looked as though we were to see the inauguration of a new, constructive British policy in this area. The announcement from Baghdad, however, put an end to such hopes. By agreeing to the Pact without consultation with the Arab League, Nuri Said infuriated Nasser, who cancelled his visit to Ankara. Even worse, the fact that London failed to keep Cairo informed of the Iraqi intentions must make us seem guilty of bad faith in Egyptian eyes. Moreover, whatever military value the Pact might possess will be cancelled out by the nationalist resentment it has already provoked throughout the Arab world. The Middle East will not be stabilised by military pacts and military assistance to ramshackle Governments which rule in defiance of public opinion. Nor, though it is the sober truth, will it enhance our prestige in the area to excuse ourselves by saying that, in displaying such bad faith we were acting under American duress.

Equal Pay

Action is always worth more than good intentions unfulfilled; and the Government is to be congratulated in giving effect to a reform to which the Labour Party had long been committed in principle. Subject to final acceptance of the proposals by the staff side of the Whitley Council, the pay of women in the non-industrial civil service is to be brought up to that of men doing the same job by seven equal annual instalments—at a cost by 1961, when full equality is attained, of roughly £13m. a year. The advances will not apply to women who do not do equal work, and the case of women in grades whose conditions of work differ from those of the men are reserved for further consideration. This is a momentous decision, for the principle now recognised by the Government is bound to spread to local authorities, schools and other comparable occupations. This being so, it is equally inevitable that something will have to be done in consequence to prevent there being greater disparity between the standards of living of unmarried people and those with large families. With spinsters added to the ranks of relatively well-off bachelors, the case for a review of family allowances grows stronger.

PARIS

Scylla and Charybdis

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Back from Rome and Baden-Baden, M. Mendès-France was in a cheerful mood when M. Edgar Faure received him at the Gare de l'Est. "Ulysses returns," he joked. "Yes," said M. Faure, but Scylla and Charybdis are waiting for you in the Chamber." Translated, this meant Tunisia and Algeria. In Tunisia things were bad enough: the negotiations in Paris had ground to a standstill, and in the Protectorate itself Nationalist opinion was reported to be hardening. But the news from Algeria was even more serious. While 5,000 French troops prepared "Operation Violette" against the *fellaghas* in the south, the *colons* in Algeria were planning, with skill and precision, the downfall of the Government in Paris.

The tale began in Paris on January 6. At a Cabinet meeting, M. Mitterrand, the Minister responsible for Algerian affairs, produced a project for a series of minor reforms—"under study." Their content was sufficiently important to lead to a prolonged discussion. Next morning, M. Mitterrand took a purely administrative decision: he placed the Algerian police and security forces under the direct jurisdiction of the Ministry of the Interior. This, in theory, was merely putting into effect one of the provisions of the 1947 Statute of Algeria. But in reality it involved a major political decision. For the central problem in North Africa, as post-war experience shows, is not the elaboration of new reforms, but

the possession of the means to enforce them. Just as jurisdiction over the security forces—the main stumbling-block in the Franco-Tunisian negotiations—is the key to Tunisian self-government, so political progress in Algeria depends largely on the *direct* control of the police from Paris.

In Algiers, the reaction to Mitterrand's move was immediate and violent. Organising the opposition was the director of the Algerian lobby, M. Borgeaud, president of the Radical group in the Senate and one of the biggest landed proprietors in North Africa. By next evening he had summoned a meeting of Independent and M.R.P. Deputies in Paris, and drawn up a circular for distribution among the *colons*. Meanwhile, in the columns of the principal Algerian dailies, which he controls, a furious offensive was launched against the projected reforms. The campaign was cleverly contrived. When Mendès-France formed his Government last year, he had split the Algerian lobby by offering a member of its "progressive" wing—M. Jacques Chevallier, the young mayor of Algiers—a junior Ministry. Unfortunately, M. Chevallier did not attend the January 6 Cabinet meeting (he was ill at the time) and this gave M. Borgeaud his opportunity. Why, asked the *Echo d'Alger*, was M. Chevallier not consulted about the reforms? Were there not persistent rumours in Paris that he was on the point of resigning? M. Borgeaud's object, clearly, was to swing the "progressive" wing of the *colons* against the Government—a manœuvre which, at least in part, appears to have succeeded. This was followed up by a sudden outbreak of terrorist "incidents." It was claimed that a number of *colons* had been attacked. No bodies were produced, and the only casualty appears to have been a car—a very old car—which was pushed into a ravine. Still, the reports were sufficiently alarming to cause consternation in Paris. By the time Mendès-France returned, it was clear that he would either have to agree to an early debate or face a motion of censure.

Back in Paris again, Mendès-France played a poor hand for all it was worth. First, his supporters spread it around that the Senate was going to reject the Paris Agreements—or at least tack on an unacceptable amendment. Clearly, they argued, North Africa would have to wait until after the Senate debate, scheduled for February 7. (This, of course, would give Mendès-France time to clear up the Tunisian negotiations, so that he could face the Assembly with a brand-new treaty.) But the argument was too flimsy. Everyone knew the Senate would vote the Agreements; even if an amendment was added, the Assembly could easily chop it off again. All it would mean would be a further delay before the Agreements came into force—and who was opposed to that? Mendès-France was thus forced back on his second line of defence—the Cabinet reshuffle. This was originally intended merely as a device to get M. Faure away from the Finance Ministry. In the event, Mendès-France had to transform it into a sordid manœuvre to entice a few Deputies from the Opposition by offering them—or their friends—junior Ministries. M. Chevallier (who had kept silent all this time) was promoted, and the Mayor of Oran was made a Secretary of State. By the end of last week, Mendès-France felt strong enough to agree to begin the debate on February 2; meanwhile, he set to work picking up the pieces of the Tunisian negotiations. But since it is known that even his advisers are urging him to return to the Opposition, few observers are prepared to bank on his survival. "Unless something unexpected happens," tolled *L'Express*, "Mendès-France cannot long remain in power. The Restoration is already upon us."

WESTMINSTER

Mass Lobby

For days before Parliament reassembled on Tuesday M.P.s had been receiving messages from trade union branches, Peace councils and constituents. They ranged from civil letters asking for a personal interview to peremptory telegrams delivered at the last moment demanding the Member's presence. All wanted to discuss the Members' views on German rearmament—a perfectly proper desire, but one not likely to be achieved satisfactorily in the middle of a babel of excited voices and a waving forest of gesticulating arms in the Central Lobby. The passionate fear of German rearmament was obvious in every delegation; so was the desperate hope for peace and so was Communist activity.

Most of the people in the Lobby were very worried people who sincerely wanted their M.P.s to know how they felt. They listened with courtesy to the M.P. who had consistently opposed German rearmament. But if they showed any sign that they appreciated the stand he had taken, or if, in explaining his attitude, an M.P. suggested that he was just as strongly opposed to the rearmament of Eastern Germany, the Communist who, probably unknown to the delegation had attached himself to them, would step out of the background. With rising bitterness he would declaim the *Daily Worker* version of post-war history, with mounting scorn he would assail the West and the Labour Party, and his eyes would spark with that intense mixture of dislike, spite and bitterness which Communist shop stewards usually direct towards Socialist M.P.s. And the astonished M.P., who had probably spent his time, money and nervous energy opposing German rearmament, would find himself labelled a traitor to the working class and a warmonger in five seconds flat.

Very few Labour Members ignored the Lobby. Many who supported German rearmament faced the music, to find that they were hardly given a chance to make a case. If a Labour Member said that he was genuinely worried that an attempt to maintain the occupation of Germany might only end in an upsurge of German nationalism on the pre-war pattern the Lobby would ring with *non sequiturs* from the Communists, such as: "So you're prepared to drop the hydrogen bomb on Russian babies," and "So you'd back Wall Street in an all-out war on the Soviet people." All this took place in a jostling, elbowing, shouting throng through which Mr. Phil Piratin, one-time Communist M.P., moved quietly, smiling gently, watching how the lads were getting on.

This mass lobbying—no matter how worthy the objective, whether it be against German rearmament, for equal pay or for or against Sunday opening of cinemas, seems to me an abuse of the cherished right of the constituent to visit his M.P. at Westminster. Whether organised by the Communist Party exploiting the deep-seated antipathy to German rearmament, or by the Housewives' League exploiting resentment against food shortages, it is perhaps the least effective means of influencing an M.P. That so many people did turn up, however, is not because the Communist Party deploys any great strength in the unions nor because the deputations were "Communist dupes." Most people who turned up were probably anti-Communist. Their presence in the Lobby was a measure of their frustration at the realisation that, in a two-Party State, when both parties are agreed there is no effective platform for the good democrat who disagrees with both.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Struggle in Germany

THERE was never any real chance that last week's Soviet Note on Germany, however genuinely it may have been intended, could make the Western Foreign Ministers change their minds. Indeed, they have all manœuvred themselves into a position in which the abandonment of ratification has become a political impossibility. Nevertheless, by offering in remarkably accommodating terms to discuss the possibility of free all-German elections under international supervision, the Note has created a striking effect among non-official opinion, even on the Right, in this country. If it is to be taken at its face value—and no one is entitled to do otherwise without careful probing—it does indeed create a new situation, which may offer an eleventh-hour chance of something less than unconditional ratification.

Much depends on the German Social Democrats. For a variety of reasons they are waging their campaign against the Paris Agreements even more effectively than might have been expected. In the first place, the campaign has now been given a longer run by the decision to postpone until February 24 the final reading, in the Bundestag, of the ratification Bill. Secondly, Dr. Adenauer's broadcast reply to the arguments of Herr Ollenhauer was singularly unconvincing—even, it seems, to a number of his allies among the Free Democrats. The S.P.D. leader, in urging unanswerably the need for further Four-Power talks before ratification, emphasised, as we have done in these columns, the Russian point that ratification would put paid to any hopes of unification. The Chancellor's rejoinder was that since the Russian offer of "free," internationally supervised, all-German elections was equivocally phrased, it was Moscow, not the Western Powers, which must shoulder the blame for partition of Germany. Since he objected, in the same broadcast, that unification—as implied in the Russian offer, without rearmament in the Federal Republic—would mean a Germany reduced to the status of a Russian vassal, Dr. Adenauer gave the impression of trying to get it both ways.

Thirdly, the impressive 24-hour strike staged last week-end by trade unionists in the heavy industries suggests that opposition to Government policies in the Federal Republic extends far beyond Parliamentary circles at Bonn. It is true that the immediate cause of the strike was a speech by one of the big Ruhr industrialists threatening an attack on the Workers' Co-partnership laws—coupled with miners' and steel workers' dissatisfaction at current wage rates. But it seems clear that the protest was aimed indirectly at the whole concept of a rearmed Western Germany dominated by Generals and Ruhr magnates. It does not, of course, follow that the Bundestag will throw out the Bill: the Chancellor's drilled battalions are probably big enough to ensure its passage; and the hostility, even of the S.P.D., is probably directed not only against rearmament *per se* but as much against the Chancellor himself and his handling of affairs. This, in itself, is a dangerous factor in the situation. If the Paris Agreements are ratified by the Bundestag and Dr. Adenauer—saddled, as he will be, with all the odium for the partition of Germany—is shortly overthrown, the men who succeed the present "Western" Chancellor may well develop an "independent" policy as dangerous to the West as to the East.

A Visit to Cyprus

ENOSIS, I was told, may sound all right in London, but it just wouldn't work, as you'd see for yourself if you went to Cyprus. So I decided to break my journey from Cairo to London at Nicosia. I soon found that, in the context of Middle Eastern politics, the Greek case sounds even more formidable than it does back home. If we are serious about granting the right of self-determination to the peoples of the Colonial Empire, how can we deny it to Cyprus? After all, as I was reminded time after time during my stay, Eire set the precedent of opting out of the Empire, and this has been followed, recently, first by Burma and then by the Sudan, although in both these countries there are important minorities which wanted to remain under British rule. Provided the rights of the Turkish minority are adequately safeguarded, the case for permitting Cypriot Greeks the same right of self-determination is impossible to resist.

The Generals, however, who are now transferring their headquarters from Suez to Episcopi, where a magnificent new town is being built to house them, are not the least worried by such niceties. "What we like," one of them told me, "is that here we are on purely British territory. And now the issue of Enosis is finally closed, we can make this island the centre of our whole Defence plans for the area as far East as Pakistan. There are no political problems unless you Socialists are foolish enough to reopen the issue." When I replied that the Greek Government is a member of Nato and has offered to permit the base to remain if Enosis is conceded, I was given three terse replies (1) Our Turkish ally would fight rather than permit a Turkish minority to come under Greek rule. (2) The new headquarters in Cyprus has nothing to do with Nato; it is a purely British affair and as such must remain in the Empire. (3) Anyway, even if this does not please the locals, this isn't Egypt or Palestine, but an island which we can hold without difficulty.

This bluff, soldierly attitude is shared by the civilian officials, with the difference that some of them feel the need for a constitution to replace the present Colonial Office autocracy. For 25 years, the Greeks have politely refused to collaborate with the Government. True, there are two Greek and one Turkish member of the Governor's Executive Council (each a wealthy director of a big mining concern). True, there are some 5,000 Greek civil servants working in Government offices. True, the municipalities and a dozen villages elect councils, but they can do nothing without the District Commissioner's consent. The chasm between government and governed remains unabridged. On the one side lives a tiny, self-sufficient British community, policing the island, raising its taxes and spending them, and, for the most part, not even bothering to learn Greek—and on the other are half a million Greek and Turkish subjects.

Is there something in the hierarchy of British colonial administration which drains its senior officials of human understanding as soon as they are transferred from Africa and have to deal with Europeans? In Cyprus today, the British Administration is as much detested as the British people are loved. Though the Governor himself is respected, I never heard a good word said for the Government by a Greek or even by a Turk; and among the lower ranks of our officials there is savage criticism of the remote insensitivity displayed by some of their superiors. Even the reasonable complaints of the Turks are brushed aside on the ground that they are a minority who depend on us and need not be appeased. As for the Greek majority, they are written off as Levantines who do not know what is good for them. Seldom can so much goodwill to Britain have been dissipated by such starchy aloofness.

Consider one instance, the problem of the schools. By raising all the money—partly through fees and partly by grants from the Church—the Greek community has retained control of secondary education. Primary education, on the other hand, is a government responsibility. The Department of Education builds the schools and pays the teachers—of course, out of taxation. Government regards the secondary schools as a hot-bed of nationalism, because they use Greek history to remind the boys and girls that they are Greeks. To counter this propaganda, the primary schools use a history syllabus which suggests that they are Cypriots. This syllabus, I was solemnly told, makes history neutral and objective, and to prove this I was taken to a Government teachers training college. Here I discovered that the students, who are mostly the sons of primitive Greek villagers, are being taught and made to pass their written examinations entirely in English. "We can't ask the lecturer to explain anything we don't understand," I was told by one student from Paphos, "because we can't put our thoughts into English." Inevitably, the secondary school children become super-patriots, and just before Christmas they shocked their law-abiding parents by staging a riot in favour of Enosis. The British reply was characteristic. An edict was issued that if the Greek schools committees did not expel the rioters, all their schools would be closed.

One might suppose that life in this kind of police State would be intolerable for all concerned. What I learnt during my stay in Cyprus is that it is still not *felt* to be so. Though he may talk about making a constitution work if only the Greeks would be sensible, the British official gets such a taste for arbitrary rule that he would probably resent the "politics" which a constitution would involve. As for the Greeks themselves, they too have grown accustomed to their role as British subjects under protest. Since the war, the economy has been booming and they have learnt to get the best of both worlds—to believe passionately in Enosis, but to make hay while the sun shines; to refuse collaboration, but not in any way which would cause anyone inconvenience. Travelling through the island in a cloudless winter sunshine as warm as an English summer, one could not help getting the feeling that nothing is very serious, since no one on either side means what he says or does what he means. The Government issues one terrifying decree after another forbidding Enosis propaganda, but makes no effort to enforce them when they are flagrantly disobeyed. The Greeks chant "Enosis or Death" in impressive chorus, but are genuinely horrified when you ask them what they propose to do about it. Cyprus is the only amiable police State I have ever visited.

The standard British explanation of this musical comedy situation is that the Greeks are excitable but docile children, and that the present wave of agitation will subside like all its predecessors, provided that the situation is handled with firmness. Then, in due course, a constitution can be introduced which gives these children some responsibility, but retains the keys of power in British hands. After all, I was told, they wouldn't really like it if Cyprus became a backward Greek province like Crete, and they lost the British passport which enables so many young Cypriot Greeks to come to London each year and make good. And the explanation always ended with the remark, "if they'd been serious about Enosis, we should have had *real* trouble."

This implicit incitement to violence never failed to infuriate me. Yet it does contain a grain of truth. Why is it that these gifted people let the British treat them with such cynical disdain? There *is* something ineffective about their demand for union with the motherland. Indeed, what struck me in this languid, beautiful island, which must surely be the home of Homer's "Lotus Eaters," is that the Greek Ethnarchy, which leads the agitation, is even more archaic than the Victorian British administration. For centuries, under a succession of foreign rulers, the Orthodox Church has provided the national institutions and national leadership of the Cypriot Greeks. Whereas in the rest of Greece, however, the power of the Church was curbed and the monasteries dispossessed of most of their lands under Venizelos, here in Cyprus the Church is still the biggest landowner, and the Archbishop—once he has been elected, by the only popular ballot the island knows—wields the spiritual and temporal power of a medieval prelate. This is why it is so misleading and so unfair to compare the Enosis movement, led by the Ethnarchy, with a modern resistance movement or nationalist party. It is a fragment of charming medievalism which the development of the copper mines and the British base are suddenly dragging into the twentieth century. Archbishop Makarios is only 37, and is an impressive man with modern ideas on social problems. But his advisers are aware that the standing of the Church and its immense influence on the people would be undermined if modern political parties were encouraged. In fact, the Ethnarchy discourages them—and retains its monopoly of power.

Paradoxically, this has given the Communists their chance—and they have seized it with both hands. They control the only political party on the island and they have successfully tied the main trade unions to it. Partly by means of extremely successful industrial action against the island capitalists, partly through Marxist political education, they already have won at least 40 per cent. of the Cypriot vote. The building boom, the raging inflation, and the flight from the land, which are by-products of the new British base, will increase their power still further. Young people who want to fight Greek medievalism as well as British colonialism must find it difficult to resist their propaganda; and so long as the abstract argument between Governor and Archbishop reaches no practical conclusions, their power will continue to increase. As for the Communist leaders themselves, they realise, of course, that they exist under British protection, and that the first consequence of Enosis would be their own suppression by the Greek Government. But, like every other Greek—except the handful of snobs and capitalists invited to Government House—they must believe in Enosis or deny their own birthright.

My conclusion is that those who believe the agitation will simmer down once again are in for an unpleasant surprise. So long as the Ethnarchy was leading a purely Cypriot protest, British officialdom had nothing to fear. But now, for the first time, the Greek Government has taken up their cause, and the Turkish Government has retaliated by threatening to oppose it by force, while the trade unions have become the battle ground for a conflict between East and West. External forces of the modern world are dragging both the Greeks and the Turks out of their archaic insularity and lethargy. The last act of this amiable comedy may be a tragedy after all.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Cotton Industry

I. Lancashire's Problems

One of the most challenging tasks facing the next Labour Government will be the reorganisation of industries which were built up on the transient export markets of the nineteenth century and which now exhibit a chronic instability. The cotton industry affords a striking example, and a Socialist solution of its problems is regarded by Lancashire's very significant body of Labour supporters as being long overdue.

The export of cotton piece goods grew from 293 million yards in 1820 to 6,673 million yards in 1913, by which time Lancashire textiles accounted for nearly one-third of the total value of Britain's manufactured exports and two-thirds of the world's total import of cotton goods. After 1914, the loss of the Indian trade which had, at peak, absorbed one-third of Lancashire's total output, the extensive development of tariff-protected domestic industries, and, above all, the ability of the mushroom Japanese industry to capture an increasing share of the diminishing international trade, brought Lancashire crashing from her position of world dominance. Exports fell to 1,448 million yards in 1938, and to something like half that figure in post-war years. By 1953, a renascent Japan had already recovered her pre-war dominance of the total international trade in cotton goods. This, as the drive towards self-sufficiency of previously importing countries gathers momentum, has dropped to approximately two-thirds of pre-war volume. There is no reason to expect this withering away of traditional export markets to stop, nor can any sincere Socialist deny potential new customers in backward countries the right of access to cheap Asian sources of supply.

Much of the terrible inter-war history of the industry can be attributed to the rapid contraction of export activity; and, in the first flush of post-war prosperity, it was easy to assume that most of Lancashire's problems had vanished. Such assumptions were badly shaken when the recession of 1952 started in the home trade. Today, as Lancashire is once again conscious of old dangers, it is plainly time to examine ways and means of effective State intervention.

The most obvious justification of State intervention in any industry is that only through State or, in many cases, world organisation can the increased rate and area of economic change be brought within effective human control. The function of such intervention is to make possible the introduction of a degree of artificial stability into the flux of events. A Socialist approach to an industry should therefore proceed first to an elucidation of the significant points of fluctuation, and then to the determination of which of these can, or should, be artificially stabilised in the collective interest.

The Lancashire textile industry may usefully be considered as a pipe bifurcated at both ends. At one end, raw materials enter in the two main streams of natural and man-made fibres. On entering the main pipe, they pass through the various manufacturing processes and then bifurcate as finished goods into the home and export trade. Ideally the volume of material flowing through the pipe should be determined by a steady average of public demand. In practice, overseas demand fluctuates normally with changing market conditions, and abnormally under the impact of the import restrictions by which importing countries seek to redress their adverse trading balances. In a world in which barter transactions between Governments are becoming increasingly common, much can be done to offset import restrictions by intelligent Government negotiations of bulk purchases of food and raw materials. In this context it is interesting to note in a recent report of the Japanese Cotton Spinning Association that "during the years 1952 and 1953 . . . when Japan became the leading exporting country in the world . . . at a time when the export trades of other countries in this line were suffering from depression . . . new markets were cultivated in the Near and Middle East countries by means of raw cotton barter arrangements." If Government action can remove, or significantly modify the major disturbances of import restrictions, the normal commercial processes should absorb the more gradual fluctuations of world markets. Even here, however, a greater measure of stability could probably be achieved, and hopes of developing new outlets considerably enhanced, by a comprehensive Government-sponsored system of commercial intelligence based on scientific market research. The basing of commercial policy on scientifically gathered data is one of those refinements of technique through which alone we can hope to offset the low labour costs of our Asian competitors.

The causes of home trade fluctuations are more complex. There are always, of course, such uncontrollable factors as the wet summer of 1954, but experience confirms that the impact of these can be cushioned effectively if the sections of the trade not directly affected remain buoyant. The most alarming characteristic of Lancashire slumps is the rapidity with which a relatively slight slackening of demand precipitates widespread degeneration of confidence. This excessive sensitivity is to some extent a consequence of the almost exclusively local recruitment of management, which perpetuates memories of past disasters and enshrines the traditional preference for intuitive judgments rather than objective analyses. But the permanent fear of slump which haunts the older generation is well founded, inasmuch as the structural defects which tend to conceal recession until it has assumed the proportions of disaster, still exist.

Most serious of these structural defects is the horizontal organisation of the industry. In most commercial transactions where demand is fluid and manufacturing capacity fixed, as the market expands, prices rise and the time-lag between order and delivery widens. When the market ceases to rise, or begins to contract, the value at planned selling price of the goods in work tends to be greater than their realisable market value. The loss on commitments involved is normally absorbed by the profit margin. But where, as in the cotton industry, the time-lag becomes exceptionally long, the initial drop in the value of goods in the pipe-line, although almost invariably less than the total of all profit margins involved, is spread as a loss to the various trade sections in proportion to their remoteness from the raw material source. Hence the later sections, the distributors, are faced with a large potential loss at the first signs of reverse, and understandably stop buying until their commitments are reduced and the scale of the loss ascertained. The cessation in buying produces the inevitable spate of weak selling, which buyers often encourage in order to average their own stock prices; the price panic is communicated to the public; consumer resistance to normal prices hardens, and the slump is on.

The whole situation could be saved if, in the early stages of a recession, the total loss on goods in work was spread evenly over all sections of the trade. But such is the myopic greed of the processors in the early sections of the pipe-line, that they continue to demand the steady rise in prices customary in the boom, long after the outlet is deep into a recession. The middle sections, only half-believing the distributor's rather hackneyed tales of woe, and comforted by their still appreciable order book, buy at the enhanced prices in order to cover their machinery and thus they aggravate the ultimate situation.

Before one attempts to indicate ways and means by which such instabilities of demand can be corrected, it is worth studying the fluctuations at the other end of the pipe-line in the supply of raw material. Manifestly, any measure which increases the use of man-made, indigenously produced materials is to be encouraged, and it is therefore regrettable that the Advisory Committee on Textile Fibres, set up in 1950 under the Labour Government, was dissolved on the change of Government. But the most serious instabilities arise in the supply of raw cotton. Raw cotton is probably our largest vital dollar import and is, at the same time, an important Empire crop. A Britain faced with a chronic dollar problem cannot afford to give freedom in major dollar transactions to private enterprise, any more than it can afford to lose control of large-scale raw material purchases which can play a major part not only in the development of backward areas, but in stimulating the demand of such countries for British exports. Largely owing to the long-term contracts possible under a bulk-buying system, raw cotton imports from Commonwealth sources increased from 23 per cent. of total imports in 1938 to 37 per cent. in 1952.

Variations in the supply or price of raw cotton, or anticipations thereof, have a critical impact on the general level of confidence in the industry.

One month more . . .

If you were under 26 on January 1 you should enter for the NEW STATESMAN Prize Essay Competition on FAITH AND REASON. It is open to young men and women of all countries and beliefs. Within the broad framework of the subject think out and state your personal convictions about religion. Whatever its conclusions, the best essay will receive a prize of £200, and the next three £50 each: in event of publication in book form other essays selected for inclusion will earn £20 each. Religion, philosophy and science are all represented on the panel of judges, where the Editor of this journal is joined by Prof. H. A. Hodges, Stuart Hampshire and Dr. J. Bronowski.

A month remains before the closing date. Entries, whose length must not exceed 3,000 word, should be sent in typescript bearing a pseudonym, with the writer's real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They should reach the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN by February 28 next at this address

GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

Currency complications can create serious difficulties, as they did in 1949 immediately after devaluation, or in the dollar crisis of 1951. Arbitrary external decisions such as the imposition of acreage quotas in the U.S. in 1950, produce unpredictable spasms in supply. All these instabilities are inimical to the efficient running of the industry. The Raw Cotton Commission, at least succeeded in maintaining supplies and fair shares during periods of extreme difficulty; in buying as keenly and efficiently as private enterprise; and in negotiating long-term contracts of the utmost importance, particularly in East and West Africa. But it failed to achieve the price stability which Socialists had fervently hoped would be one of its outstanding advantages over private buying. That it did not do so, illuminates a principle which Socialists would do well to note carefully A publicly financed buffer against private loss cannot be justified unless it is linked with a corresponding control over private profit.

JOHN MURRAY

London Diary

FEAR and anger are again in the street and the pubs, in the House of Commons and even in the Pall Mall Clubs. "What do the Americans think they are doing?" "Why do they pretend that American security depends on Formosa?" And what's Formosa to us or us to Hecuba? The Chinese revolution has happened, we have recognised it and it's mad to expect any Government, Communist or not, to allow a bunch of vengeful ex-patriots to get foreign help and then sit on islands round the coast and make war on it. What is this odd distinction between the islands near the coast and Formosa? The Isle of Wight and Lundy are British but the Channel Islands have somehow ceased to belong to us because they were occupied by the Germans during the war? Sir Anthony Eden is experienced enough to know the dangers of such dishonest pretence. Why does he suggest that Formosa is not Chinese, because it was held for a generation by the Japanese until it was liberated by General MacArthur and given back to Chiang Kai-shek as Generalissimo of China? He had no answer to Mr. Attlee, who talked the plainest common sense in the House on Wednesday. There are many diplomatic situations that are genuinely complicated and difficult. This is not really one of them and Sir Anthony Eden would no longer think it was if he could get away from clichés and state the fact that these islands, including Formosa, belong to China and that in this matter the United States is the aggressor. He would find himself speaking for England and—quite possibly—stopping the war. Courage and plain speaking, not diplomatic finesse are, on this occasion, what is wanted.

* * *

Robert McKenzie, whose book *The British Political Parties* is being widely and respectfully reviewed as well as serialised, is now, I should say, quite sure of a brilliantly successful career. He is already established as a B.B.C. discussion chairman and interviewer, and he has just that kind of moderate Labour outlook which Tory spokesmen as well as Transport House think proper. And now his book assures him an academic reputation. After all, it is only once in a generation, if as often, that a serious book is written on the mysteries of party organisation, and McKenzie's, like Ostrogorski's great work, will be accepted abroad as authoritative. He deserves all the credit that he is getting for quarrying out his elaborate book from a mountain of memoirs, conference reports, and newspaper clippings. He is fair, and more than fair, to both Conservative and Socialist organisations. He has talked persuasively to most of the leaders and many officials and representatives of the rank-and-file of both the main parties. One of his chief conclusions is that Labour has been successfully transformed, largely by Attlee, into a constitutional party; and that its organisation differs only on the surface from that of the Tories. Both parties, he seems to be saying, have come close to perfection as a means whereby party professionals can run the country without too much attention to their own rank-and-file, and also without interference from such non-Parliamentary bodies as the T.U.C. or the Federation of British Industries. The question remains whether his thesis is correct. I note that he virtually ignores party finance, and skirts lightly over the fundamental question of the relation between political and trade union leaders of Labour. A much more thorough examination than is usually expected in a review is, in this case, clearly required. Mr. R. H. S. Crossman has undertaken to have a first crack at it in next week's issue of this journal. My fear is that this able book will mislead the next generation at home and abroad about the nature of the British political system, just as Bryce's famous two-volume work put everybody on the wrong track for years by his ingenuous account of the American Constitution.

* * *

If an English Conservative makes remarks to damage Britain's reputation when a Labour Government is in power, he probably goes to the House of Lords and becomes a member of the next Government. If a Labour man does the same thing when the Tories are in power, his colleagues call him a Bevanite, and castigate him for breaking the rules of bipartisanship. If a Soviet politician does the same thing, he is shot or imprisoned for life. A Yugoslav who commits the same offence gets a term of imprisonment, but doesn't serve it.

* * *

I doubt if the Liberal Party could be revived even if it were addressed by the Archangel Gabriel, J. B. Priestley (who can on occasion be a wonderfully effective platform speaker) or Lady Violet Bonham Carter (who, given time to prepare, is, I should say, about the best public speaker in this country). But this is partly because a strong dose of Liberalism has seeped down into almost all Englishmen of every party. Today, for instance, Priestley will be speaking for everybody when he underlines the dangers of bureaucracy. He will do an even greater public service if he can tell us what are the necessary safeguards. The Crichel Down case was, of course, a gift to the individualists; and the Labour Party, if it is wise, will face the fact that the growth during the last thirty years of *droit administratif* (a shocking French abuse, the textbooks used to say) has its dangers and needs effective checks. Yet this is less than half the problem. What Priestley and those who think like him must also understand is that little of the social legislation they have applauded in recent years could have been made effective if every administrative dispute could have been sent for settlement to the High Court. Lord Hewart's *New Despotism* has proved, in face, so gross an over-statement of a danger now generally perceived that Tories, who also have to govern in a Welfare State, no longer find it politically useful.

* * *

The Home Secretary's decision to reprieve Michial Onufrejczyk, the Polish refugee farmer sentenced to death at Swansea for the murder of his partner, Stanislaw Sykut, shows the official "scintilla of doubt" in operation. The body of Sykut was never found, and all the precedents for murder convictions in such circumstances concern disappearances at sea. "I suppose there is a possibility," Lord Goddard had said in the Court of Criminal Appeal, "that he has been got out of the country and immured behind what journalists call the Iron Curtain." Everyone knew there was, remote though it might appear. How, therefore, could the accused be hanged? It is a case that illustrates, even more perhaps than that of Mrs. Christofi, who was hanged last month although the prison doctor thought she was insane, how the death penalty weakens the whole structure of the criminal law: Onufrejczyk is to be punished in a different way because of a chance that he might be innocent.

* * *

The Corporation of Manchester must have felt it had to do something when the Palace of Varieties refused to take down the city arms from its proscenium arch. There used to be a Court of Chivalry to bring these people to heel. The Corporation looked it up. Most of the textbooks assumed that it had faded away, but there was no record of its death. Manchester put a match to a very long, thin trail, briefed a learned counsel called Mr. Squibb, and when at last it had breathed life into the Court of Chivalry, persuaded it that only a special Act of Parliament could kill it. Not only was it alive, said Mr. Squibb, it was backed by the power of the Queen's Bench Division to punish "contempts" of it with fine or imprisonment, even in the case of variety theatre directors betrayed by municipal pride into displaying the insignia of gentlemen.

Well, they can send someone up the proscenium arch to sketch in a bend sinister—there can't be any need to take the whole thing down. But there may be some odd sequels to all this. Usually, for example, people are tactfully told by the police on ceremonial occasions that they mustn't fly the Royal Standard on a house unless it happens that the Sovereign is in residence there; but lawyers I've asked about it have thought the request was unenforceable. Another thought disturbs me: Is it now suddenly dangerous to wear an old-school tie?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Women cooked suppers by candlelight at Eastcote, Middlesex, because of a three-hour blackout last night. And one wife said: "We have not been able to watch TV. For the first time in years my husband and I have sat chatting instead."—*Daily Express*. (O. Fischinger.)

I was in a post office this week when a gentleman in the telephone kiosk—obviously speaking to a lady at the other end—raised his hat as her voice came through! I smiled—and yet . . . should politeness appear only when those concerned are actually present?—Letter in *Sunday Post*. (T. Smith.)

Billiards and Snooker referees should note that if they are officiating at a snooker game and the impossible happens they should immediately declare it a foul.—*Billiards & Snooker Bulletin*. (Laurie Mason.)

"Can anyone tell me where we are going to get young fellows to become surveyors, Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, unless our common life is based on religion?—From report of speech in *Daily Telegraph*. (D. B. Robinson.)

What is wrong with the world?

A COMPETITION on this question is now running in the News Chronicle. Competitors are asked to assess the relative importance of the factors listed below:

Abnormally low standards of living.
Differences of Language.
Racial discrimination and the Colour Bar.
Lust for power by national statesmen.
Race for arms supremacy.
Ignorance and fear due to misleading propaganda.
Fanatical patriotism.
Ideological cold war.
Barriers against the free interchange of people and ideas.
The inadequacy of UNO (United Nations Organisation).

The main prize in this competition is a 28-day trip round the world, and there are five other awards of holidays worth £100 each. Please see full details of how to enter in the

NEWS CHRONICLE

Farmer's Hey!

A system of prices must be devised which would give farmers a solid basis of certainty.
—MR. BUTLER.

The Farmers' Union came to Town,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
For plenty was forcing the prices down,
And farmers demanded a State price-freeze.

A glut of food is the farmer's bane
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And agriculture goes down the drain
Through undercutting from overseas.

The rural labourer's wages rise,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
They ordered the State to subsidise
By whacking Government guarantees.

The Chancellor outlined a neat device,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
By fixing a realistic price
So Britain's farmers could rest at ease.

The farmer's profits would never fall,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
By robbing Peter and paying Paul—
The taxpayer he can always squeeze.

Conservatives on the farmer dote,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
Sing hey for the agricultural vote!
The Government farmers must appease.

The violet's blue, the rose is red
Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese!
And the farmer falls back on his featherbed—
So pay and look pleasant, if you please.

SAGITTARIUS

Advent of a Super-Nationalist

"WHAT legal right had you to enter the meeting?" the Judge asked a senior police officer in a recent case in Johannesburg.

"I am a police officer," came the reply.

"But this is not yet a police State," the Judge observed.

This incident illustrates a growing fear among all sections of the South African people. The State is rapidly becoming all-powerful in personal, as well as public, life. And the State machinery is becoming concentrated in fewer and fewer hands. Thus fear of oligarchic dictatorship is spreading from the British and non-Nationalist Afrikaners even into the Nationalist camp. The 10,000,000 non-Europeans, who make up four-fifths of the population, have long been accustomed to having their life ordered by the officers of a machine over which they have no control. The advent of Mr. J. G. Strijdom as Prime Minister gathers all these fears to a climax.

> Other members . . . say that we are a nation consisting of 12,000,000 . . . I can tell the Hon. Member that it is not our nation. . .
>
> South Africa can only remain a White country if we continue to see that the Europeans remain the dominant nation. . .
>
> If the European loses his colour sense he cannot remain a White man.

These quotations from the new Prime Minister's lips indicate the main objective of his Party. In their drive to establish this New Order, the Nationalists have found that they must take into the hands of their Ministers greater powers than have ever previously been held by a professedly democratic government. Already elements of *Apartheid* have been introduced. Separation in sexual life between the races has been made absolute. In every form of personal activity different amenities have to be used. The inhabitants of the Union have now been rigidly registered in racial categories. All this is the achievement of Malan; and with this legacy Strijdom begins his own regime.

The first task of the new Premier is to complete the foundation work begun during the last six years. He has to take final power into his own hands by jumping the last hurdle of opposition, the power of the Courts. The constitutional struggle of the past three years to remove the Cape Coloured voters had a deeper meaning than simply the segregation of the electorate. Once the Government manages to establish the supremacy of Parliament over the Courts, it will have become absolute. Even though elected by only a minority of the electorate, it could then do literally anything that the Nationalist majority pleased. The probability now is that the Appeal Court Bill will be reintroduced, that a new Court will be set up to test constitutional issues, and that it will be packed with judges who are tools of the Cabinet. This blatant assertion of the power of the Executive over the Judiciary is feared even by some Cape Nationalists, who distrust the grip of the Transvaalers.

Malan's form of segregation has also to be completed by the passing of the Industrial Conciliation Bill, enforcing segregation in the trade unions, and by taking complete control of African education through the Bantu Education Act. The best description of the purpose of State education under this latter measure was given by Dr. Verwoerd, Minister of Native Affairs, when he said:

> Their education should not clash with Government policy . . . if the Native in South Africa today in any kind of school in existence is being taught to expect that he will live his adult life under a policy of equal rights he is making a big mistake.

There is also to be some further tidying up in the Government powers of control over the individual. In particular, a new Bill is to be introduced which will make it an offence for those South Africans who have been refused passports to leave the country. The Government already has absolute power over the issue and withdrawal of passports: now it is to ensure that those of its opponents who have found the means of escaping the immigration regulations can be penalised if they have the temerity to go abroad.

When this tidying up of Government absolutism and racial differentiation is completed, the real problems of *Apartheid* will have to be faced. Here the Nationalists are in a profound dilemma. They are desperately anxious to re-establish that way of life which they created in their nineteenth-century Boer Republics. At the same time, they are equally concerned to build a self-reliant nation, free from dependence on other States. The master-servant race relationship of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State could be maintained, though with difficulty, in the rural society of last century. Today, however, South Africa is in the process of becoming an industrial State, and her economic independence is conditional upon industrial expansion. The paramount issue for the Nationalists, and, indeed, for the whole of South Africa, is whether political *Apartheid* and economic necessity are contradictory or complementary. In short, can the

Nationalists pursue a policy of racial separation, at the same time allowing the development of that economic expansion on which the independence of South Africa depends?

During the 14 years up to 1952 the national income of the Union increased from £364m. to £1,247m. Much of this increase came from the development of secondary industry, which, during a similar period, increased its percentage contribution to the national income from 17.14 to 23.6. In its turn this progress has doubled the number of employees in industry and, inevitably, led to a rapid increase in the population of the towns. The Africans, as the only mass labour supply in the country, form the majority of these new town dwellers. Even Nationalist *Apartheid* has been incapable of stemming the tide of urbanisation. Between 1946 and 1951 the urban African population rose from 1,794,212 to 2,325,388. What is more, industrial needs have forced employers to allow some non-Europeans into skilled and semi-skilled work. It is estimated by the Wage Board that 16 per cent. of the skilled and 67 per cent. of semi-skilled workers within industry are non-Europeans. The growth of an industrialised society in South Africa thus seems to be defeating the policy of *Apartheid*. It is small wonder that Mr. Strijdom's paper, *Die Transvaler*, wrote recently that industrial expansion with non-White labour was the principal measure to destroy White civilisation.

It has too easily been assumed that the Nationalists have no solution for this problem. In fact, their policy faces and meets it, though no one can yet estimate whether it will be successful. The best example of their solution is to be found at the little railway *cul-de-sac* of Coalbrook. Here the State plan for the extraction of oil from coal, known as Sasol, is due to begin production in April. The scheme envisages a labour force of 30,000 non-Europeans and 4,500 Whites. The Government has deliberately planned the scheme outside the industrial belt, so that it can build two new and entirely separate townships for the two racial sections of the workers—one on each side of the plant, separated by the open veld. This is to be the new order of South African industrial life.

The same policy is to be observed elsewhere. Port Elizabeth, the most progressive manufacturing town in the Union, is being denied the opportunity of industrial expansion, while East London, on the verge of the great Transkei reserve of African labour, is encouraged to take her place. The scheme to evict 70,000 Africans from Sophiatown and Martindale, and to move them much farther out of Johannesburg to Meadowlands, forms part of this pattern. The policy legislated for in the Group Areas Act is, in fact, coming into force. The non-Europeans are to be moved out of town so that the Whites can take possession of their areas. Non-Europeans thenceforth are to be allowed only as temporary, migrant, and therefore inefficient labourers in the urban areas. Recently this doctrine has been extended with the suggestion that 178,000 Africans should be removed from the Western Cape to prevent their association with the Cape Coloureds.

It is impossible to forecast the extent of the resistance amongst White businessmen to this policy. The majority of the British have so far been completely apathetic to political issues, content to enjoy the privileges and comfort of the easy life made possible by racial discrimination and always aware that they can return to Britain if trouble breaks out. But there is also a growing proportion of the Afrikaner people involved in the business world. Within the White community, in which the British are a permanent minority, the future depends upon the number of Afrikaners

HOLLYWOOD goes to Leicester

THERE'S a little old man in Leicester who never misses his Saturday evening at the pictures. He has a very personal interest in most of the films he sees. For every weekday he sits at a bench, skilfully assembling lenses — the very lenses that the vast motion-picture industry cannot do without. He works at Taylor, Taylor and Hobson, whose factory sells £750,000-worth of goods each year, a substantial proportion of them in dollar areas; whose lenses are used in 8 out of every 10 cameras in Hollywood—and in cameras throughout the rest of the world. This company is only one of those which form the British Optical and Precision Engineers Group (B.O.P.E.), itself a subsidiary of the Rank Organisation. And last year B.O.P.E. obtained more than 50 per cent. of Britain's export turnover in the varied products which it handles.

STUDIO TO CINEMA

EVERY member company of B.O.P.E. is a specialist in its own sphere. British Acoustic Films produce recording and sound equipment, as well as 8 mm. and 16 mm. cine cameras and projectors; Kershaws of Leeds are famous for their cinema projectors, arc lamps and scientific and optical instruments; Gaumont-Kalee Seating add to their U.K. sales by exporting to all parts of the world, including the United States; Kalee send their curtains and draperies to cinemas as far apart as Jordan and Jamaica.

B.O.P.E. can indeed be proud of an impressive list of achievements through the years. The Everest and North Greenland Expeditions were equipped with B.O.P.E. *cameras.* B.O.P.E. *has equipped between* 800 *and* 1,000 *film stages outside Britain.* B.O.P.E. *supplied the special zoom lens used by the BBC for their Coronation Day TV programme.*

WORLD-WIDE PROJECTION

Winning prestige and earning currency (including those valuable dollars) all over the world, B.O.P.E. is constantly engaged in vigorous research to improve existing products and to introduce new lines. It has played a vital part too as one of the many companies on which the Rank Group is widely based — and which have greatly helped this section of the British Film Industry to make so successful a recovery during the last five years.

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

who resist Nationalism. The nearest this group came to serious resistance was in the movement known as the Torch Commando, which quickly broke down as soon it was faced with the colour issue. If, however, Strijdom attacks the constitution so violently as to stir fears of caucus dictatorship, or if the Nationalists prove willing to sacrifice economic for ideological interests, resistance may become stronger than previously.

Such a split in the White community is the only hope which the non-European majority have of organising serious opposition in the near future. Their most powerful resistance, in the passive disobedience campaign of 1952, was quickly broken when the Government took extreme coercive powers under new legislation. Force is so heavily weighted on the Government's side that organised non-European resistance is steadily becoming more difficult. Their leaders are removed under the Suppression of Communism Act, their newspapers banned, and it would not be difficult to prohibit their organisations. It is more than likely that the forcible eviction from the Western Townships will provoke violence; and it is known that stores of arms have been accumulated. Yet probably the Government would be content to see such violence, providing, as it would, the opportunity to use full powers. Indeed it is impossible to visualise in present circumstances any tactic open to the non-Europeans which would reduce, in the near future, the overwhelming strength on the side of the Whites.

Finally, there is the little band of liberals, "colour-blind" trade unionists and people of independent thought amongst the Europeans, who are still striving to create a bridge between White and non-White. So far their efforts have had little reward, yet they may well hold the future of South Africa in their hands. In the long run it will be proved that a peaceful future for South Africa lies in the hands of the non-Europeans—and ultimately of them alone. When the time comes for them to reveal their intentions, with all the passions and tensions which have been created in the meantime, only the genuine White friends of the non-European community will stand between South Africa and a blood bath.

JOHN HATCH

Brass Banding

"WHEN I started brass banding . . . ." It is Jack H. speaking, a fitter who works on jig assembly at the Fairey Aviation Works in Stockport. One Saturday last October he came with his two dozen fellow-bandsmen from the works to the Albert Hall in London, and played against seven other bands in the final of the *Daily Herald* championship. The prizewinning cup—two feet high and correspondingly broad, and with no nonsense about good taste—now stands at Fairey's behind a grille-covered glass in the main vestibule.

"When I started brass banding . . . ." The expression covers a much broader slice of life than mere participation in certain rehearsals and performances. Typically, Jack H. took up the cornet at the age of ten, learning from his father. He served some twenty years in a local band before hearing (through a tip from a friend "inside") of a vacancy in the Fairey Band. He passed his audition and, as a fitter, easily enough found a place among the firm's 3,000 employees. Had he been unskilled he would have been accommodated somehow. The good player takes his job with a firm that has a good band, and a firm with a good band is glad to have him.

Hence those somewhat naive advertisements in the weekly *British Bandsman:* "A boy soprano player, playing in senior section, leaving Grammar school, desires apprenticeship engraving, but not essential. Services offered to good band." (The advertiser is not a boy soprano, but a boy player of the soprano cornet, the highest brass-band instrument.) Bands also may advertise for players, but a band like Fairey's does not usually need to, any more than an orchestra like the Hallé: there is a constant pressure of players wanting to join. Fairey's "Barbirolli," a conductor whose presence constitutes a major attraction to players, is Harry Mortimer. He also conducts another famous band, Foden's, which came third at the Albert Hall last year. That the same man should direct two rival bands in the same contest excites no remark. Mr. Mortimer's own view is just that "you do your best—twice."

Harry Mortimer, who works in London as B.B.C. supervisor of brass and military bands, (these bands include wood-wind) rehearses at Fairey's by flying up to Manchester, conducting the band in the factory's dinner-hour, and flying back the same night. That the men can all be made available for such training is only one of the competitive advantages which a works band has over a band based merely on locality. (The wonder is that bands of the latter type survive in the championship class at all.) Fairey's resident bandmaster—that is, deputy conductor and chief trainer—is on the firm's payroll as an aeronautical inspector. The band's honorary manager is the firm's labour officer. The firm provides the rehearsal room, owns the instruments (bought for £3,200 in 1950) and contributes annually to the band fund.

The band receives more than £4,000 annually from those who engage it, and 70 per cent. of this goes as fees to the bandsmen and conductor. But when the engagement is in working time—whether an hour or two for a broadcast, or three weeks such as the band spent in Southern resorts last summer—these fees have to replace wages. Thus, despite the amateur status claimed for the whole British brass band movement, players in the class of Jack H. could be described as part-time professionals, with an alternative trade to give them security. For part-timers their musical proficiency is recognized as remarkable—sufficient for Jack H. and some others to have been called on, through the band, to supply extra brass for a recent Berlioz performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

Brass bands originated among the workpeople of the industrial North in the 1830s, and two decades later the Belle Vue contest at Manchester (still the chief rival to London's) was already established. The brass band's instruments could—and can—be bought relatively cheaply, and learnt relatively quickly. Six well-chosen brass instruments can make a satisfactorily invigorating noise, which six amateur string-players will not. The brass band movement has always been a specifically working-class medium of music-making—springing indeed from working-class need for outdoor musical expression, and not imposed from above as "culture."

A determined effort was made between the wars, from within the movement itself, to better the bands' repertory. Test-pieces for the big contests were commissioned from Elgar, Bantock, Holst, Bliss and others. Unhappily the commissions are now going to lesser men. In an era when so many means, from Arts Council grants to "musical appreciation" lessons in school, are being devoted to the spreading of musical enthusiasm, it seems absurd that "brass-banding" is allowed to constitute almost a little world of its own. To bring this little world into contact with the wider world of music is a task which calls for leadership from within the band world itself, but the rank-and-file may not supply it. Jack H. was glad to play, at the massed-band concert which followed the Albert Hall contest, under Sir Adrian Boult (of whom he will give you a swift, moustache-twirling impersonation), and on his newly acquired "telly" he is a devotee of "The Conductor Speaks." But his musical interest ranges no further, and one is left wondering whether the perpetual participation in contests does not encourage an attitude which treats music as primarily existing for the purpose of showing off the band.

"We have not got anywhere a band with a musical policy"—such is the lament of Eric Ball, editor of the *British Bandsman* and himself a leading band conductor (and also a composer). But why not, at least, one London concert a year with a musical policy, to be given by the champion band and sponsored by the *Daily Herald* or the B.B.C.? Such a concert would make a clean sweep of transcriptions of nineteenth-century orchestral works; and every item (new or old) would be such as could appeal honestly to a moderately sophisticated concert-goer. It may be pointed out that polyphonic music of Bach's type—to say nothing of the music written specifically for brass by the early Venetian composers—has a *prima facie* suitability to the brass band. Yet the bands barely know of its existence.

Just as Soviet Russian composers have incorporated accordion and balalaika bands in some of their huge patriotic cantatas—just as, in America, such composers as Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Schoenberg have been induced to write for bands ("military" rather than "brass")—so it would seem appropriate that musical skill such as that of Jack H. should be brought within the living currents of music. This is not to propose any such absurdity as turning the brass bands—of which there are estimated to be 3,000—into Third Programme institutions. Their place at a Miners' Gala or at a village sports meeting remains undisputed, and there their repertory is largely limited by practical utility and public demand. But, at the top, the bands deserve the attention of those who listen for listening's sake.

ARTHUR JACOBS

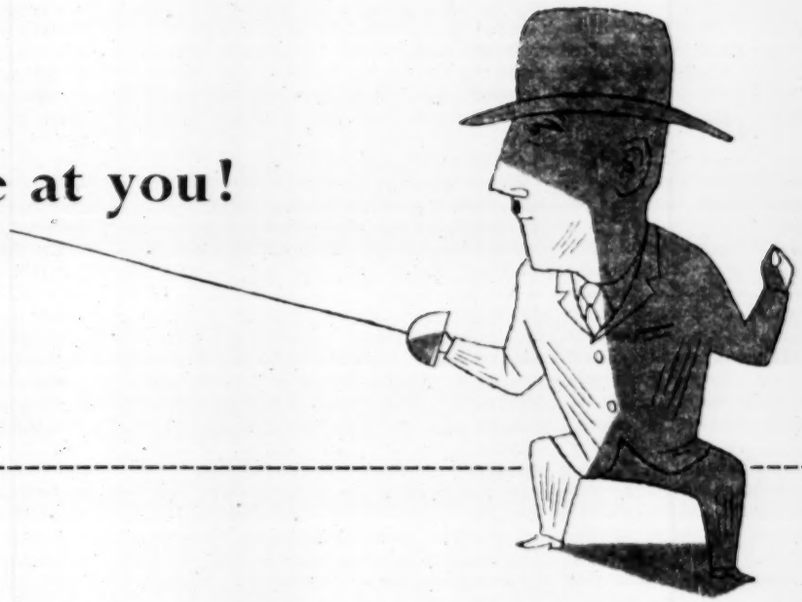
Why Dockers Strike

THOUGH there have been more strikes in the docks since the war than in any other part of industry, no one seems to know why. The strikes have mostly been unofficial, the press has been hostile, and Mr. Deakin has blamed it all on Communist conspiracies. Now, for the first time, we have an explanation that begins to make sense, in an admirable report* on the Manchester docks by investigators from the University of Liverpool. Working in a port which has had a better history than most, and gaining the confidence of everyone in the community by their patient inquiries, they have drawn a fascinating picture of the conditions and the attitudes of dock workers—a picture that is likely to shake the complacency of any leader writers, politicians or union officials who may read it.

Casual labour has been the curse of the docks, and most people believed that the Dock Labour Scheme had at last put an end to it. The first revelation of this book, for the outsider at least, is that it has done nothing of the kind. It has provided a guaranteed minimum *wage*, not guaranteed *work*. (If most dockers have regular work, this is due rather to generally good employment

* *The Dock Worker. University of Liverpool. 17s. 6d.*

Have at you!



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British Insurance Offices

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in the country and less erratic working of the ports than to the Scheme.) "Dock work," this report states, "remains an essentially casual occupation." It shows how the struggle to obtain work of any kind has been replaced by a fierce struggle at the "call-stand" to get the better-paid or more attractive jobs: the procedure by which workers were chosen for employment in 1950 —when the survey was made—"differed very little from" that in operation in the pre-1940 period."

Moreover, the price of the basic wage is irksome discipline and an elaborate code of rules and penalties. And here lies one of the dilemmas of the docks. Many of the dockers want to retain this traditional freedom in their choice of job, yet their desire for security is equally traditional and strong: "As a group they have not been prepared to relinquish the one in order to obtain the other." In fact, different groups have conflicting attitudes. The "permanent gangs," which follow a foreman around from one job to another, seem to prefer security and to be most contented. The "floaters," who provide most of the "unofficial" leaders, are good workers who prefer to take the chance of well-paid jobs at the "call-stand," and with the "drifters," who get the leavings, they form the dominant and discontented majority.

Such unusual and casual conditions of work shape the psychology of the dock workers. Their solidarity not merely expresses their unity against the employers and the world beyond the dock gate; it is also, the authors of this report suggest, a way in which they compensate for the cut-throat scramble for work in the call-stand. They are, moreover, very much aware that their trade sets them apart from other men. In the past their social status was low; many of them still live in jerry-built slums in the dock area; and they are now accustomed to being left isolated against abuse from the press, the Government and even their own union officials. The Scheme recognises broad distinctions, say, between crane-drivers and labourers, but it still makes no allowance for special skills or experience. A docker is a docker, and he is given little or no opportunity for either specialisation or promotion.

All through the interviews reported in this book there is a sense of frustration, of feelings of aggression and discontent building up because the docker has no status. Working long hours, under conditions that compare unfavourably with those in industry as a whole, the docker is treated differently from other trade unionists: he is completely depersonalised. He does not know who employs him. Half the dockers interviewed in this survey thought they were employed by the Manchester Ship Canal Company; one-third thought the employer was the Dock Labour Board; the remainder were not sure. And though the minimum wage guaranteed by the Scheme was appreciated, almost all the dockers thought it too low: it has only now been raised.

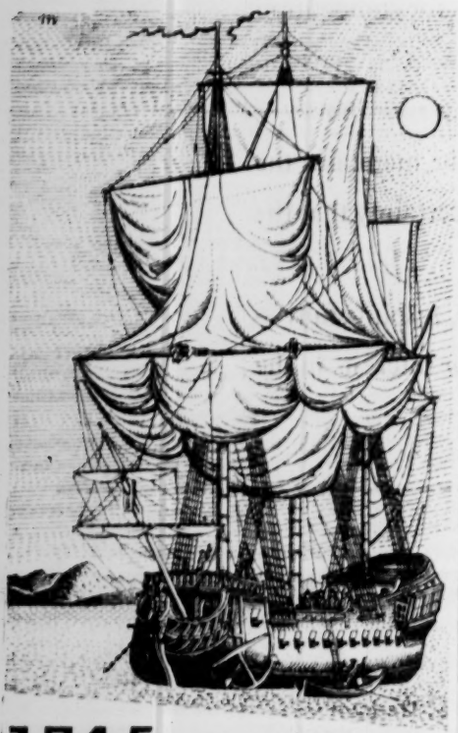
The docker, if this sample is a fair one, simply does not know where he stands. The local Dock Labour Board has to combine the "functions of an employment exchange with those of a pay office, a court of justice and a welfare and training agency." Yet it has nothing to do with rates of pay or working conditions. The dockers cannot be blamed if they are confused, because there is no simple pattern of command which they can grasp. Communications are bad, and rumours short-circuit across the gaps between the employers, the Board, the union officials and the men. There is more friction than there need be, because the machinery of the Scheme is clumsy and elaborate; every incident is exaggerated, because it cannot be settled on the spot but must go through the delays of formal decisions.

A good many of the Manchester dockers believed that a shop-stewards' system would be one means of dealing quickly with grievances and the passing problems that arise on the job, and this belief sprang in part from their dissatisfaction with the Transport and General Workers Union, to which nearly all of them belong. "Few opportunities," this report says in a typical passage, "were given to the dock workers to exchange information and opinions, to discuss important decisions in advance, or to participate in any way in making them." The Union's organisation was so defective, the full-time officials so isolated from the opinions of their members, that it "had ceased to play a significant role as a means whereby the dock worker could . . . get his grievances attended to." The T. & G.W., as the recent strikes have made clear, is now as much "an object of aggression" as the employers or the Dock Labour Board.

Why should this be the case? The authors of this report do not deny the past achievements of the Union, and they certainly pay tribute to the work its officials do in a difficult and muddled situation. But clearly things have gone badly wrong when only a quarter of the Union's members who were questioned were satisfied, and when the commonest cause of complaint, after wages, was bad relations with the Union. The root of the trouble, this report suggests, lies in the changed nature of the Union and its inability —now its officials are more Administrators than Agitators—to "fulfill its secondary functions," to provide the social and psychological satisfactions that militancy offers. It is too large, it is yet another elaborate institution with responsibilities and sanctions, divorced from the private lives and feelings of its individual members. "Communist activities," the investigators found, did not "provide an adequate explanation of the poor relations between officials and union members," and they give other and cogent reasons why, for instance, 25 per cent. of the men named Mr. Deakin as their main cause of complaint, why attendances at branch meetings were poor (held on pay-night, at an awkward time and place) and why the Union, concentrating on formal negotiations about pay, had become too inflexible to prevent the men giving their loyalty to unofficial leaders.

The discontents that are voiced in this book are far from petty, and the sooner they are understood and met by sensible changes of policy, the sooner the docks will settle down. These cautious investigators, having described poor housing, earnings which were far from high in view of the nature and hours of work and computed from a weird muddle of price-rates and overtime, the bad working conditions, the insanitary toilets and inadequate wash-houses, say that the "complaints cannot be regarded as unreasonable." I would go further. The conditions of work, the way in which work is organised, the sheer chaos of industrial relations seem to me such as to invite continual and justified protest from the dockers. This book makes nonsense of almost everything that has been written in recent years about the dockers, and if it suggests only tentative solutions to some of the problems, it has at least made a useful start by identifying them. Much has been done to reduce poverty among the dockers. Too little, it seems, has been done to improve the way in which they work, or the conditions in which they work. The next step, now the defects of the present Scheme have been laid bare, is to raise them from "proles" to the status they deserve as human beings doing unpleasant, arduous and socially important work.

NORMAN MACKENZIE



1745 When Bonnie PRINCE CHARLES reached Scotland aboard the French ship LA DOUTELLE he brought with him the recipe of his OWN liqueur. This recipe is the ROMANTIC origin of the aristocrat of liqueurs, DRAMBUIE.

THE ICEMAN COMETH

When at the Zoo one day, I met
A most superior ape
Of frank and noble countenance
And of a pleasing shape.

"Superior ape," I said, "pray tell
A thing I long to know.
If the summer H-bomb brought the flood,
Will the winter's bring the snow?"

"A pleasure, sir," the ape replied,
After some hesitation.
"If you don't think that I presume
Above my proper station.

For surely it is obvious
There is no need to worry;
With such great risks no man will drop
Another in a hurry."

"Oh, foolish ape, you miss the point,"
I cried in indignation.
"Drop them we must, we thus ensure
Democracy's salvation."

"Indeed," replied the ape. "Why then
Since you're intent on dying
I really see small difference
In freezing or in frying.

If all that evolution's done
Is bring you to this stage,
Then I should be outside," he said,
"And you be in the cage."

PAUL MCCLELLAND

Sovcrick

WE shall soon be welcoming the familiar red caps to the English greensward once more, and it is well, when things have come to be taken so much for granted as this is, to cast our minds back to their remarkable beginnings. It was in the early summer of 1955 that *Komsomolskaya Pravda* printed a letter from some students at Minsk to say they were forming a cricket club. *Pravda* approved. "Cricket," wrote L. S. Levine, the leading sports commentator, "has hitherto, though mistakenly, been regarded as a decadent feudal survival, and has consequently been neglected by proletarian athletes: on the contrary, by imposing a loyal discipline on all players, the game corresponds to the principle of democratic centralism." Collective leadership, it was pointed out, was reflected by the presence of two umpires, and an authoritative article by Professor Lutkin established that the name "Lords", far from marking the feudal origins of the game, was in fact derived from a petty-bourgeois entrepreneur at a time when that class was in the vanguard of progress. Academician V. K. Starapkin, writing in the *Journal of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute*, commented on some hitherto unnoticed correspondence between Marx and Engels in 1869, in which Marx thanked Engels for taking him to a village cricket match near Manchester "where we saw proletarians disporting themselves on their last acres of unenclosed land as they did before their pleasures were sullied by the remorseless march of capitalism."

A few weeks later *Pravda* itself, carrying a portrait of "W. G. Grace, the eminent scientist and cricketer" on its front page, spoke of cricket "as infinitely superior to the vulgar, indeed as their name shows, debased, ball games of American monopoly capitalism, with their undue emphasis on the individual . . . Beria and his poisonous gang were typical of those who can neither play cricket nor understand its spirit . . . Let our slogans then be: Village Greens in Every Collective! Long Live The Straight Bat! Success to the Cricketers of the Soviet Motherland!"

These events, of course, were followed by the formation of cricket clubs in every oblast and the organisation of first-class and minor oblast championships, as well as by compulsory cricket in the military academies, whose organs drew attention to the essentially peaceful character of cricket and the moral training given by fielding. The full importance of the movement, though it was acutely analysed in one English Sunday newspaper, was not immediately grasped in the West. Test Matches and other events intervened. But towards the end of the season, when the Scarborough Festival was in progress, the subject was revived sharply by the news (commented upon in a *Times* Fourth Leader) that a British side (sponsored by the Society for Cultural Relations and led by the Hon. Ivor Montagu) had been beaten at Omsk by an innings and 227 runs (Bashkov 198 not out, Plotkin 8 for 27).

The winter was full of sensations. The Royal Commission on Espionage in Australia revealed that "Document M", whose contents had till then been a closely guarded secret, was a commentary on the laws of cricket by a well-known player; that ever since 1953 Messrs. Burgess and Maclean had been employed on a secret committee in the Kremlin, representing the Foreign Ministry, official sporting organisations, and the G.P.U., known as Sovcrick; and that soon after the death of Stalin they had umpired an exhibition match in the presence of the entire Politburo, during which Mr. Malenkov had observed to Mr. Molotov that one of the lessons instilled by cricket was the importance of eliminating a formidable batsman before he had time to master the bowling.

The press was violently divided between those who agreed with Pandit Nehru that "Cricket symbolises peaceful coexistence", and those who dwelt on the severe Russian penalties for being out L.B.W. and the incident at Smolensk when a batsman who had run his captain out retired himself next ball and was never seen again after entering the pavilion. The usual division of opinion was complicated by a revulsion of feeling among Left-wing intellectuals—the most severe since the treason trials of 1937—when a political refugee revealed that fielding practice was now compulsory in all Arctic labour camps.

The Pepelye* have changed hands many times since then, and the Bear has become as familiar and welcome a visitor to our shores as the Kangaroo and the Kiwi. Pugachev, the doughty blacksmith's striker from Semipalatinsk, will long be remembered for his 257 not out at Old Trafford in 1961; so will the wily Plotkin, on that grievous day for England at the Oval in 1957, when he took seven for thirty; and Gusev, of the Russian Ballet, who could clear the pitch from crease to crease in three leaps and, with Golgorukov, ran the greatest number of runs ever scored off a single ball. Then there was the day when no fewer than four England batsmen were literally bowled by a Chinaman, the subtle Tugku Chen from Soviet Central Mongolia. This year, once more, boys will be shown by their fathers the shattered panel in the door of the Tavern, immortal to Pugachev's famous six.

BERIN HILL

* So, of course, the Anglo-Russian Ashes are called.

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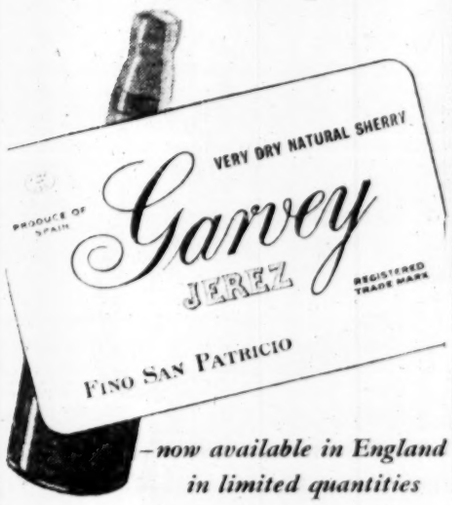

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Camden Town to Delhi

EXCEPT for the strands of silver-grey in his long wavy hair, Krishna Menon, the diplomat of today, is physically much the same as Menon, the Socialist agitator of thirty years ago. He is handsome in a diabolical sort of way. When he smiles—and it is an irresistible smile—he conjures up visions of Mephistopheles gloating over a phosphorescent crystal ball. His face is never at rest. His eyes have a fanatical gleam. His eyebrows, his aquiline nose and his hands are almost as voluble as his lips. His profile is the sculptors' dream; his restlessness their despair. He loses something of the arresting quality of his looks when he begins to walk. Then, hampered by a disability, he becomes hunched and a little round-shouldered. When his foot is not troubling him he moves with quick, short steps, his walking stick dangling from his arm in front.

Menon today is immaculately dressed and enjoys excellent, expensive tastes. People sometimes find that difficult to square with his personal asceticism and the years spent in shabby flannel bags and a grubby overcoat in a not too salubrious part of Camden Town. The truth is that a sense of neatness and beauty—far removed from personal indulgence—which found little scope for expression during the lean years, blossomed forth when in August, 1947, his ship came home and he became India's first High Commissioner in London. He chose the crockery, cutlery, carpets and curtains at India House and the India Club with the relish and discernment of a connoisseur. He bought a fleet of limousines for the High Commission's staff, a beautiful Rolls-Royce and a house in Kensington Palace Gardens for the official use of the High Commissioner. Yet he himself, throughout his term of office, lived in one room in India House and frequently travelled by bus.

The purpose of Menon's long years in England, before office and fame were thrust upon him, was of course the freedom of India. That was always his vision, and the whole of his adult life was a dedicated struggle to achieve it. Yet he was not merely a Nationalist. He is also a Socialist; and, perhaps inevitably, he found it impossible to disregard the social problems which surrounded him in England. For over fifteen years, in fact, it is true to say that, though his eyes never wavered from the more distant goal, St. Pancras was the centre of his life. The work he did for the St. Pancras Labour Party, and as a Councillor in that borough, was in its way as much an expression of his personality and his political faith as was his life-long work for India.

He joined the South-west St. Pancras Labour Party in the Thirties. He was elected to the Council in 1934 and he remained a member until 1947—though for most of the war he sat, as an independent, having lost the Labour Whip owing to his support of the People's Convention. He was a conscientious and most hard-working councillor. Indeed, it was when he started, unprecedently, to absent himself in the course of 1947 from meetings of Council committees that his colleagues in local government began to understand that something really big must be afoot in Indian affairs. Since the 1946 elections, he had devoted himself with something like passion to making a success of the first Labour majority in St. Pancras. His special interests were education and public libraries; and he is remembered as the best chairman of the Libraries Committee that St. Pancras ever had. He worked tirelessly to extend the library service, and to create the St. Pancras Arts and Civic Council, which brought to the borough a wide range of cultural activities and which has since been copied by many other councils. Then suddenly he disappeared; and his old friends and colleagues, who this week-end are honouring him with that unique accolade of British municipal life, the Freedom of the Borough, began to follow his movements in Delhi, New York, Moscow and in the Chancelleries and Foreign Offices. The Chairman of the Libraries Committee had become one of the most influential men in the world.

Success in St. Pancras, as in India, came to Menon after years of uncompromising and often angry challenge to authority. Everybody in St. Pancras politics knew him as a stormy figure from the time he first joined the local Labour Party. He was for a time a member of an ultra-Left-wing Trades and Labour Council: he gave his time and his legal advice unsparingly to the tenants' advice bureau run by the local Labour Parties: he marched in May Day processions, and he carried his soap-box into the back streets: when the St. Pancras contingent welcomed the Jarrow hunger marchers at Barnet, Menon was already with them—he had privately joined the march somewhere farther up the road. Wherever in fact there was militant Socialist activity he was to be found in the middle of it, a gaunt, threadbare figure, already an invalid, walking with the aid of a stick. He lived at this period in an unattractive one-roomed flatlet at Camden Town, in all the utter penury of the briefless barrister.

In the later Thirties he was active in the United Front campaign, and was effectively the leader of a group of Left-wing (and middle-class) intellectuals, who formed a vocal and often unpopular minority within the conventional Right-wing Labour group on the Council. It is interesting to recall that in 1938 this minority nominated Menon as leader of the Labour group in opposition to the established leader, to whose political views Menon was bitterly opposed and who, as Leader of the Council, has this week-end to move the resolution to confer the Freedom. Menon's failure on this occasion was, of course, inevitable. None the less, he was hurt by his rejection, and unable to rid himself of the suspicion that, in some way, colour prejudice was at the bottom of it. He expected insults to his colour at every turn: yet each insult that did occur hurt him afresh. Resentment against colour prejudice must certainly have been one of the motives which drove him to seek municipal election. He needed to assert his superiority, to demonstrate to his Party colleagues that in ability he was head and shoulders above the rest of them. And indeed he was. Yet a certain bitterness robbed him of much of the popularity which he might otherwise have attracted, and made him a less successful tactician than his great intelligence would have suggested. A few close friends have remained devoted to him: the majority of his Labour colleagues learnt to admire, respect, fear, and often, it must be said, to resent his overbearing manner.

It would be quite wrong, however, to suggest that his main motive in becoming a Councillor was a psychological need to score off the British. In every political activity he has ever undertaken he has shown himself a deeply convinced Socialist, and part of his belief has always been that the struggle for Socialism was indivisible. India . . . St. Pancras . . . it was all part of the same hard fight. It was this intensity of conviction, too, which made it impossible for him to compromise, even to gain position. He much desired, for instance, to become a Labour Party Parliamentary candidate, and just before the war in South-west St. Pancras this prize seemed to be within his grasp. In the event, he missed selection by a single vote, having alienated one group of delegates at the last minute by a characteristic piece of political tactlessness which cancelled out all the careful lobbying and organising his friends had been carrying on for weeks. When, in 1939, he finally was selected as candidate for Dundee, the National Executive of the Labour Party quickly found an excuse to refuse the endorsement of his candidature because he had insisted on speaking—about India, of course—at a *Daily Worker* bazaar.

The official Labour leadership at this time naturally believed—or at any rate alleged—that Menon was in effect a Communist. But this was not so. Like a great many other militant, but non-Communist, Left-wingers at the time, he was associated *ad hoc* with all sorts of "fellow-travelling" activities and people. He was certainly a Marxist, but he has always been far too much of an individualist—and a Gandhi-ist too—to toe the party line, and probably no one who has ever known him personally, including even his opponents on the far Right of the St. Pancras Labour Party, has ever believed that he was anything other than a fiercely passionate and independent Socialist, with no use for money (which to this day he never carries on his person) or personal reward. In St. Pancras, indeed, he is remembered as a sort of legend, both for his independence and his personal austerity. His friends were constantly intimidated by his intellectual brilliance, and his enemies equally often silenced by his personal selflessness.

Menon, in fact, for all his experience of the English, has never accepted the English pattern of life. A strict vegetarian, teetotaller and non-smoker, he enjoys no food, except the hot, spicy sauces of Southern India. On a pleasant English summer day, his windows are kept tightly shut, and radiators work full-blast, to raise the temperature of his room to that of Malabar in May. Yet it is not only the English who have found him difficult. In spite of tremendous personal magnetism and an almost unique ability to persuade people to devote their lives to his causes, friendship is difficult for him. Only his intimates know his craving for companionship and the surprising tenderness of which he is capable. Where some people have chips on their shoulders, Menon has scars. Thus he attracts private affection rather than popularity. He never stays unnoticed. His voice, his appearance, his views, all conspire to make him the centre of attention. At banquets, when everybody else is eating he will sit in morose silence without touching a morsel of food. He has no small talk and will snub any attempt at frivolity or familiarity. If there are speeches to follow, a new incarnation of Menon comes into being. He is at once animated, eloquent and brilliant. And he is not accustomed—or content—to be outshone in oratory.

Krishna Menon's friendship with and influence over Pandit Nehru surprises many, particularly in India. The two have utterly different backgrounds. One comes from an aristocratic Brahmin family of Northern India; the other from a middle-class home in Malabar. The Nehrus were opulent: sending a son to Harrow and Cambridge was to them the right thing to do. The Menons were of modest means and, but for the association of the family with Dr. Besant and the Theosophical Society, Krishna might never have entered the London School of Economics. Young Jawaharlal was nursed to leadership by an equally illustrious father: Krishna fought his way up and rose to power, as it were, from a single suspender. Nevertheless the two men are temperamentally very much alike—volatile, quick-tempered and impatient of mediocrity. They also owe much to each other. When Jawaharlal was only one of the many leaders in the Indian firmament, Krishna hitched his wagon to the Nehru star, and he has never wavered in personal loyalty to his leader. Abroad, he is his *alter ego*, and he is perhaps the one man who fully understands and adequately interprets to the rest of the world Nehru's foreign policy today.

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The Arts and Entertainment

THE REACTION OF THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES

THE 300 works in the Young Contemporaries show at the R.B.A. Galleries have been produced by about 100 students. How many of these will earn their living as painters or sculptors? The familiar question is not rhetorical, for the answer has a profound effect upon the sort of work these students are now producing. Because the art schools are unable honestly to train Fine Arts students for any professional (which is to say socially recognised and rewarded) role, they have to fall back on preaching in various guises the doctrine of Art for its own sake. Yet the students, naturally and practically concerned about their own future, are unable to accept this doctrine. Consequently the most obvious characteristic of their work is a spirit of reaction against all that Art is normally thought to stand for—dignity, grace, enjoyment, noble emotions, praise, righteous anger. Instead, their work is exaggeratedly drab, sceptical, inconclusive, unheroic and suspicious of all pleasure. In a way this is a token of their honesty. But at the same time they should recognise that their attitude is essentially uncreative; the automatic acceptance of drabness can lead to a mannerism as easily as the automatic acceptance of elegance.

This is the seventh year of the Young Contemporaries and this reaction has been apparent each year—the absence of abstract painting is one of the symptoms of it. But the immediately post-war students, being older and therefore more capable of supporting their reaction with worldly experience, were far more positive; they expressed something of the bluntness of the under-privileged with whom they felt they had much in common. Now drabness has in fact become only another form of bohemianism; the sense of being an outcast is weakly enjoyed instead of being resisted. The general atmosphere of this show is like that of a house full of grubby unwashed lodgers in "cabbage-water" rooms; poverty may be a part cause of this, but it is as much the result of the inhabitants' having (like the long unemployed) lost their self-respect. With such hopelessness often goes the desire to make an easy break, to win the pools—or, in the case of these students, to win scholarships or precocious gallery success. Again it would be very unjust to blame them for this—it is understandable enough. Yet each year the works submitted become less and less personal. This year a large proportion are either hack School Compositions or fashionable concoctions to catch the eye of gallery spotters.

There are naturally exceptions to this general rule. There is a very good painting by Tom Cross of the *Raising of Jairus's Daughter*, full of finely born movement and precise light; there is an imaginative, luminous blue landscape by Patricia Miller, a well thought out and amusing psychological study of Mr. and Mrs. Pugh (from *Under Milk Wood*) by Norman Dilworth, whilst out of the hundred or so everyday scenes, accepted simply for their banality, there is one that arrests because it has been seen with passion, with concern—*3 a.m. on Catterick Flyer* by Raymond Briggs. Here, in front of soldiers uncouthly sprawling asleep on a train, one is moved—tenderly—by the commonplace, because of all that wells up behind but never over it. With its ferocious foreshortenings, disarrayed composition and raw colour, this picture is also to some degree a reaction against the convention of Art. Yet it is justified because it is a reaction against the inadequacy of that convention for a definite purpose. Of what use is Caravaggio in a city of fluorescent lighting? Of what use even the heroics of Picasso in front of the puppy dreams of khaki conscripts? And it is, of course, by asking just such questions that the convention is re-established. Caravaggio and Picasso asked them in their time, and Briggs pays his respects, proves that his questions are not arrogant, in another painting—a faithful adaptation of a Renaissance Pieta. Many other students could learn from these two pictures how to make use of their suspicion and scepticism.

In the sculpture room there are figures by P. Hartas and Ralph Brown, both of whom are clearly students of outstanding talent. Hartas' figures are almost life-size and exaggerate, as all good sculpture must, the rise and fall of their forms. The armoured shoulder-blades, spine, swaggering hips and full buttocks of his figure in the centre of the room, strain and reach out against each other, but never break out of their legitimate arena. The breasts of the same figure, like searching animals, are also extremely well and energetically modelled. But then, as though ashamed of the dignity of this vitality (and this is another illustration of what I mean), Hartas has deliberately killed, insulted, the rest of the figure. The arms end in stumps, the legs wither, the stomach is turned into a crude pregnant box. Ralph Brown is a far more contemplative artist, more interested in the tension of the sum total of his forms than in the tension between them. His small figure of a girl running after a wheel like a hoop, depends for its effect on the whole scene it suggests, on the atmosphere the forms conjure up *around* themselves rather than on the structure *within* them. The same applies to his large *Mother and Child*. They are poignant, like some of Rodin's work, because of the pressure of the outside world all around them. The small of the mother's back, most sensitively observed and exaggerated, suggests all her vulnerability, all her need for tenderness which her child unknowingly satisfies. But Brown also suffers from the same general reaction. When in doubt he leaves clay as muddy, dreary clay instead of even trying to interpret it as flesh. I believe, however, that both these sculptors will develop. Hartas will learn that there is a point where violence ceases to be creative and can only destroy; Brown will learn to open up his forms, to take them out of hiding with a greater confidence.

JOHN BERGER

CONCERTS AND OPERA

I AM sometimes reproached for neglecting the organ; and, to tell the truth, I often find a quality in the King of Instruments—a combination of ruthlessness and impersonality—which makes him sound more like Big Brother. Many organists seem to suffer from a power complex, pulling out their cohorts of stops and recklessly coupling manual to manual with the relish of a 17-year-old speed addict revving up his Mercedes-Benz: at almost every organ recital there are moments when I feel as though I were being run over. Up in the driver's seat, far above us lowly pedestrians, the power maniac soon forgets how easily the musical traffic becomes congested and clogged with warring harmonics; and yet the fact that the music he plays is mostly contrapuntal should have made him all the more careful to preserve clarity. Ah, say the baroque specialists, but you are thinking of the bad old Victorian style; nowadays we have replaced those dreadful roaring diapasons by the clear tones and light wind-pressure of the baroque organ. In general, I admit, the gain is immense; but there are still occasions when the liberal use of mixtures and mutations recommended by the baroque specialist proves to have virtually restored the *status quo*: one type of muddle has been replaced by another. For the benefit of the inorganic reader, let me explain that mixtures and mutations are stops which reinforce the fundamental note by additional notes belonging to the harmonic series: octaves-plus-a-fifth, double-octaves, and so on. When these are freely cued into contrapuntal music, the ear, already hard at work disentangling three or four voices, has to cope further with an audible "fringe" or halo of consecutive fifths and octaves surrounding each individual voice.

The distinguished German organist, Helmut Walcha, who recently gave a recital on the Festival Hall organ, is a baroque man: he loves bright mixtures. When he used these picturesque stops in gentle and relatively uncomplicated pieces, for instance in a set of Chorale Preludes by Pachelbel, he produced results which were ravishingly beautiful to the ear and absolutely clear to the musical intelligence. But when the texture thickened and the volume grew, we found ourselves once again in the company of a litter of squealing piglets. Such a passage was the climax of the Toccata in Bach's *Toccata, Adagio and Fugue*, which seemed to me both noisy and confused—though I am bound to admit that it drew a premature burst of applause from a section of the audience which evidently *wanted* to be run over.

A few days earlier the violinist, Emil Telmanyi, demonstrated how the use of the new "Vega Bach bow," which is curved, enables him to sustain chords and clarify the part-writing in Bach's music for unaccompanied violin. A nut, manipulated with the right thumb, allows the hairs to be slackened (for chords) or tightened (for single-line passages) during performance. The change seemed to me on the whole advantageous: it was nice to be rid of the tiresome *sforzando* snatching at chords which we usually hear in these works. But once more we are in the realm of baroque scholarship; and noticing that Mr. Robert Donnington, in his authoritative articles in the new *Grove*, pooh-poohs the notion, popularised by Schweitzer, that any such practice can have existed in Bach's day, I feel it is time to beat an inconspicuous and unscholarly retreat.

Among other musical occasions I must mention two: a pleasant recital of piano duets by Liza Fuchsova and Paul Hamburger in which valuable new works in this medium by Fricker (*Nocturne and Scherzo*) and Berkeley (*Sonatina*) were performed; and the first of a most interesting series of Saturday evening concerts in St. Thomas's Church, just off Regent Street. Here Robin Wood played, with remarkable clarity and grip, sonatas by Dallapiccola, Stravinsky and John Lambert; and the Dorian Singers sang impressively a group of 16th century motets, adding a modern group which included a vividly imaginative setting of *Libera me* by one Ludovicus Bardos: presumably a Hungarian, but unknown to *Grove*.

The Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet, from Zagreb, opened a three weeks' season at the Stoll Theatre last Monday with Borodin's *Prince Igor*. It was a great pleasure to hear again a score so rich in colour and melodic beauty; and if the Yugoslav performance has more rough edges than can be attributed to the hazards of a first night in a strange land, it is still well worth a visit. The company is strongest on the male side. The Igor (Vladimir Ruzdjak), though wanting in the quality known as attack, soars with delightful ease into the higher reaches of his music; and the Kontchak (Drago Bernardic), who has a rich bass voice of distinctive timbre and refrained from slavishly imitating the tricks of Chaliapin, presented a Tartar Khan who both looked and sounded plausible. The riotous Prince Galitzky, on the other hand (Tomislav Neralic), though he sang reasonably well, looked like a station master in a Chekhov farce. Of the young lovers, the Vladimir was much superior to the Kontchakovna, whose notes were so vaguely defined as to be little more than approximations. The Jaroslavna (Maria Podvinec), to whom falls some of the loveliest lyrical music in the score, possesses a soprano of naturally fine quality, marred by patches of false intonation. The chorus were excellent; the orchestra, under Milan Sachs, somewhat ragged. The production was stolid: neither total eclipse nor impending conflagration ruffled this placid mob. But with a spirited team of dancers the famous Polovtsian Dances brought down the house, as they always do. In short, an enjoyable evening, provided we do not pitch our expectations too high.

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KING RICHARD

THE Old Vic having announced *Richard II* as their next production, Miss Littlewood's lively band of fanatics at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.C., being nothing if not enterprising, promptly announced a *Richard II* of their own to force a comparison, and gain much-needed publicity. They gambled on the Old Vic's being a production "as before." This was a good gamble, but not an absolutely safe one, for Mr. Michael Benthall, who produces on this occasion, is an artist, and therefore mercifully unpredictable. He might quite possibly have chosen this occasion to turn his back on the clichés, and given us something startlingly different and alive. But it was a good bet that this time he wouldn't, that, preoccupied with his broader responsibilities as Director of the Old Vic, he would, in producing *Richard*, turn on the old routine. Two other elements in the Old Vic's situation would make the gamble safer, the weakness of the general company and the particular kind of strength in the actor taking the part of Richard, a kind of strength which lends itself perhaps only to the traditional interpretation.

The gamble came off on this side, anyhow. Routine Mr. Benthall's production certainly is, falling back on second-hand ideas (even if it was Mr. Benthall who invented many of them in the first place); sound, adequate, perfectly predictable, and with only one absurdity—or, rather, sheer impossibility—at the core of it, namely, the design of the set. This is such that it confines the interior scenes into a ridiculously small area in the front of the stage; and the great Deposition Scene, the very kernel of the play, is staged in a farcical huddle with Richard and Bolingbroke so close to each other that they are almost touching.

But before we get to this, how disastrously the first part has shown up the thinness in the present Old Vic acting team. This first part—before Richard comes back from Ireland—is really more difficult to manage than the rest, for once Richard takes the stage—given anything like a Richard—the play, as they say, plays itself. Up till then we depend upon the smaller parts, and what strikes us here is how sadly lacking they are. Of course, the Old Vic is a repertory; but it is the leading repertory, and can surely find actors better suited to the parts than these. There is simply no weight here at all. There is no one to play Gaunt, no one to play York, no one to play Northumberland, no one to play Mowbray. One gets the impression of a lot of young men trying to be middle-aged or old in whiskers and wrinkles. Certainly the Old Vic has got to train young Shakespearean actors, but a students' performance is not what is wanted.

Once we leave the difficult beginning, things are better, because these deficiencies show less. Mr. Eric Porter is a fine Bolingbroke and Mr. John Neville is an impressive Richard, so disaster is not in question. Indeed Mr. Neville might still have achieved a triumph, and if he didn't quite do that, it is, I suggest, because of a fundamental weakness of interpretation. The key to Richard is not his being an artist but not a homosexual (or not an artist but a homosexual, and so on); the key lies in his self-pity. Self-pity is one of the emotions which is still subject to almost universal condemnation; it remains under the blanket ban of dying English stoicism. But, in fact, there are some temperaments (particularly very isolated temperaments) for whom, when they are really up against it, self-pity is the only and the right salve—indeed perhaps this is true for all of us, given the special circumstances. There are in our literature two notable cases where this so universally despised and painful emotion is raised by the power of art to dignity and nobility, to a plane where it becomes endurable—Housman's poetry and *Richard II*. The very purpose of *Richard II*, one might say, if art had a purpose, is to make us pass through the experience of self-pity at its extreme, suffer it and come through unashamed. To miss (or perhaps it is a case of avoiding) the self-pity which is so marvellously transmuted in this poetry is then to miss the whole point of the play. And Mr. John Neville missed or avoided it. His technical and personal gifts are very considerable; he has a musical voice, a handsome person and that allure of personality which is one of the hall-marks of the star. But we must still wait to see whether he has the final gift, the ability to conceive an interpretation of a part and impose it on us.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

"THE Third Programme, inaugurated in September, 1946, is designed for the listener of cultivated tastes and interests, and while it offers many opportunities for study, it is a programme for the educated rather than an educational programme." Thus the *B.B.C. Handbook*. How, after eight years, are we educated chaps faring?

To begin with, one can say that much of what the Third does is without question superb and of enormous value; if the Third were not there to do it, it would not be done at all. But much also of what is done is far below superb, and much of what ought to be done is scarcely attempted at all. Reference to some recent programmes will make plain what I mean. We had the other afternoon the first performance of Ugo Betti's *The Burnt Flower-Bed*, in Mr. Henry Reed's translation. This is the second of Betti's plays the Third has given us. We shall not know just how good he is until we have had the chance of seeing his work in the theatre, but he is obviously a playwright of very great interest, of a stature comparable at any rate to that of Montherlant or Gabriel Marcel, dramatists to whose plays the Third has also very largely introduced us.

Yet almost side by side with the production of *The Burnt Flower-Bed* we have the first production of the dramatisations of twelve stories from the *Decameron*, and one is bound to ask why. Why dramatise Boccaccio? What is the point of it, except to offer the Swindon bench a smack in the eye? Listening to Miss Renée Asheson in *The Plague of Florence* one saw how agreeable a straight reading from the *Decameron* by Miss Asheson might be. Dramatisation of itself adds nothing to the stories, indeed it detracts from them. But that is not quite the point; no one is going to object to dramatisations of Trollope in the Home Service. The point is that we educated chaps of the professional and higher administrative class may surely be expected to read Boccaccio for ourselves if we want to. It shouldn't be part of the Third's function to provide substitutes for reading.

Admittedly, the Third is being very restrained where the *Decameron* is concerned. It might so easily have launched itself upon a Boccaccio "project." "We have thought it interesting," says the article in the *Radio Times*, "to give, in their original form, those stories which other poets used later." We might have had the works of those other poets as well and, of course, studio performances of Delannoy's *Ginevra*, Delvincourt's *Boccaccerie*, Kreutzer's *Imogène, ou La Gageure Indiscrète*, and Nakhabin's ballet music *The Burgess of Tuscany*. It would have been in the Third tradition. But certainly adaptations have been very much overdone in the Third in recent months. They have included *The Turn of the Screw*, *Peter Ibbetson*, Miss Compton-Burnett's *Manservant and Maidservant*, *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, *The Pension Beaurepas*, *Brother to Dragons*, *The Court Lady* (from Castiglione's *The Courtier*), *The Anathemata*, Sir Max Beerbohm's *Not That I Would Boast*, *Zuleika Dobson* and *Enoch Soames*—"Max" is to the Third what Mr. Maughan is to the Light—*The Widow's Wooing* (from Deloney's *Jacke of Newbury*) and Lodge's *Rosalynde*. One can only say that no adaptation, however skilful, is an adequate substitute for the real thing and that it shouldn't be part of the Third's job to provide an equivalent of reading-without-tears.

The range of talks on the Third is excellent, but there are startling omissions; and these, it occurs

to me, spring very largely from the academic attitude that prevails. Isn't it time that the Third Programme planners took a look at their audience? There is no mystery about its composition: it must be very much the same as that of the readership of the *Sunday Times* and *Observer* and of the weekly political and literary reviews. These periodicals are read by people who are interested in informed comment on what is happening *now*, in politics, in social affairs, in literature and the arts. *Now* is precisely what we don't get in the Third Programme, at least in many spheres of interest central to the cultivated and educated. The Third surveys the whole of literature except that of the present: views on current writing have to be crammed into one half-hour programme shared between three or four speakers each month. As for the contemporary English theatre, that, the plays of Mr. Eliot and Mr. John Whiting apart, might not exist at all. It may be the Third finds nothing in current English writing and drama worth its attention; but that in itself is material surely for endless discussion. Similarly with politics. For the Third, politics is something that belongs either to history or to political science, not something happening now.

The besetting sin of the Third, it seems to me, is that its planners are constantly and anxiously asking themselves, when planning their programmes, "Is this Third Programme?" The only intelligent answer is that anything that interests cultivated, educated, lively minded people is Third Programme. The matter is important because the great virtue of the Third is that it is a minority programme. As such, it can function in relative freedom from the attendant atmosphere of hysteria which is the common curse of broadcasting and television. It is, therefore, in a unique position to put out serious discussion on serious subjects, whether of politics, religion, social trends, or the arts as they affect us now. This is what it does too rarely.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Welcome, Mr. Marshall," at the Curzon
"The Man Who Loved Redheads," at Warners
"To Paris With Love," at the Plaza
"Simba," at the Leicester Square
"Woman's World," at the Carlton

Welcome, Mr. Marshall, accompanying *Umberto D.* at the Curzon, is the type of film produced, like salami, by every European country. Small community, local customs and landscape, gala, gossip, farce with a tender edge: we've had it from all parts of France (where it started), Italy, and even ourselves. This time it's Spanish. The rattle of talk is, no doubt, funny; the deaf old Mayor brings us a Southern A. E. Matthews; the café goddess flaunts leanness and flamenco; and be sure the priest will be innocent and a master of short cuts to piety. It is all, we are assured—in ripe American—Andalusia, and Andalusia making fun of itself. The intrusion of the compering voice is peculiarly unfortunate, since the whole point of the story is the promise of Marshall Aid and the much-to-be-desired arrival of Americanos in person. Most of it may be taken for granted, including our mild enjoyment; though a trim plot, local colour, and some cadenzas of nightmare keep it active. I don't know why this agreeable stock piece should have walked away with three prizes at Cannes, but in London it may get honourable mention.

Love, Anglican, takes an airing in two films, of which *The Man Who Loved Redheads* (Simenon? No, Rattigan) turns out far the livelier. Two children have met in a cupboard; and the man goes through life haunted by this first carroty love. She bursts on him in full Cockney, in a series of mistresses unspecified, and finally out of the Russian ballet. This is the happy by-play he manages to keep quite distinct from marriage and success in the Foreign Office. The dialogue is pretty, there's a decided Wildean flavour, and the twist, or couple of twists, at the end complete a good anecdote; but alas, this has meant dragging the situation down through the years and disguising the hero in dyed hair and wrinkles, a bore only relieved by the emerging senility of Mr. Roland Culver in a small part. Miss Moira Shearer plays the several heroines, but isn't really quite up to doing a Guinness.

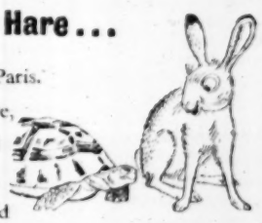
Mr. Guinness himself appears in *To Paris With Love*, under the direction of Mr. Robert Hamer. This seems a long way after the Gascoynes; though what exactly it is, an admirer of both may find himself at a loss to decide. Poor Mr. Guinness gets tangled in braces, a tree, a badminton net; he *doesn't* lose his trousers or have the chair pulled from under him, because that is reserved for others. Only the beguiling eyes of Mlle Odile Versois introduce some comfort into this rather awkward spree.

Far more awkward, and to me repellent, is the tale of Briton and Mau Mau brought to us hot in the news by *Simba*. Not that it's unfair to either: if the initiations and blood lust of the one are portrayed, so is the pig-headedness of the other. The trouble is not that this film shocks by realism, but that nine-tenths of it is on a fictional level that makes realism distasteful; good African, bad African, good Englishman, and Englishman not quite good, play at melodrama old as the Western. *Simba* hasn't half the quality of an average Western, and its being raw with events makes it worse.

I didn't warm to *Woman's World*, one of those Cinemascopic comedies that has room for three couples and Mr. Clifton Webb at the same time; it's large and slick as a Cadillac, shows off its stars generally and together, and by the artifices of plot raises a tension. Its domestic and business world seemed to me wholly unreal, though there were some pleasantly unfamiliar shots of New York. *Woman's World* lacks charm, but what devastating competence!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Tortoise and the Hare...



... decided to race to Paris.

"I'll be there first!" boasted Hare, and off he ran. But when he arrived in Paris, Tortoise was already there, sipping an aperitif. "Hey!" panted Hare, "How were you so quick?" Tortoise laughed. "I caught a train", he said ... Which points the moral that it is best to travel by French Railways.

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Correspondence

THOUGHT FROM A WILDERNESS

SIR,—It must be terribly gloomy for people who live at the end of a party in the wilderness, however flowery the wilderness used to be. It's not so bad for the rest of us, though of course, like everyone else, we would like a lot more money. And, equally, we sometimes feel tangled in a lot of regulations which stop us doing obviously sensible things—like organising the home distilling of whisky throughout the Highlands. But, if we live among, and work with, ordinary people, it is quite remarkable how much more free they are. Since the Health Service came in, I have seen the old men and women in the "Institution" being at last treated as fully human and with as much rights as though they were paying. I've seen how the Home Helps system has set mothers free to have a new baby with some peace of mind and rest of body. And, mind you, the home help isn't installed by a boss-man; our District Clerk goes round and asks if Mrs. So-and-So would be acceptable, or would Mum rather have someone else?

I've watched the children at elementary schools growing out of the habit of passive obedience, learning to question and think for themselves, allowed to take out library books from the time they're ten, and gradually getting into the habit of serious reading. They won't grow up to be mass-men.

I suppose these things have come my way because I'm a County Councillor. That involves a lot of rather tedious work but also fascinating decisions of principle. The tinkers are beginning to want to settle down in houses. I've an idea that Mr. Priestley might be against this. Walking the wet roads is more romantic, perhaps more free. But not for the women; the young ones all want homes and kitchens and proper care in childbirth. I'm for the women.

As for myself, I can well remember the days of chaperones and rules and a stratified class society, when I would probably not have been allowed to speak to that dreadful Mr. Priestley. And I'm still hopeful about the whisky! NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Argyll.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

SIR,—Professor Cole is surely mistaken in thinking that there is some necessary conflict between the desire to raise the standard of living in an advanced society and the desire to raise living standards all over the world. This would imply that the world can only produce a certain limited amount of food and necessities, and that if people in Britain eat more, somebody else has to go short. Even in a world only half Socialist this need not be so.

His idea that a British Labour Government might be faced with the need to diminish its power to improve conditions in Britain if it wished to contribute to a "war on want", or that a government would have to reduce its own standards if it wanted to help raise those of poorer people, seems to indicate that such help would be a simple hand-out of food and consumer goods. In rejecting this form of help, except as a short-term measure to relieve famine, the mass of voters would be on sounder Socialist ground than Professor Cole appears to be.

The way to improve the standard of living in an undeveloped country is to provide its people with the capital equipment and technical help they need to develop it and to help them gain control of their own resources instead of having their oil-wells, mines, factories and lands owned and exploited by foreigners for the benefit of distant shareholders. By building railways and steel mills, to be owned and operated by the peoples of under-developed countries and paid for in low-interest instalments spread over a long period, we should be helping to raise their living standards much more quickly and surely than by sending them food or even by paying higher prices for cash crops produced with unskilled and unmechanised labour. And by thus keeping our own heavy industry fully employed without piling up armaments we should be helping ourselves too.

The Soviet Union's offer of a steel mill to India, and her practical assistance along similar lines to China and the countries of Eastern Europe, show how a Socialist country can help others without diminishing her own rising standards. Even if you give the first few steel mills away, it is still, in the long run, good business because you are helping to create new markets for mutually profitable trade. If a proposal to institute this sort of help were put to the vote in Britain, even today, I would bet heavily on its gaining a majority.

The whole point of Socialism is that, unlike capitalism, it involves a realisation that there need be no conflict between what is of benefit to one's own people and what is of benefit to people everywhere. There is no point in reducing standards in a Socialist country to help others, because the very act of helping others, if it is done in a Socialist way, will raise the standard of living in the country that does the helping.

The economic and social equality Professor Cole wants will come when the undeveloped countries catch up with the industrialised countries. This will happen all the sooner if the countries in front give a tow to help those behind to gain speed. And they can best give a tow if they keep moving forward themselves. PATRICK GOLDRING

5 Ravenscourt Place, London, W.6.

SIR,—In your issue of last week, Mr. Cole asks the following question:—

> Who supposes that a British Labour Government would venture to give for the proposed "world war upon want" help that would seriously diminish its power to improve living standards in Great Britain?

He assumes a negative answer.

It is worth recording that the Labour Government did precisely this in 1945-6 when it rationed severely the British public in cereals, particularly rice, in order to alleviate the prospective famine in India and South-East Asia. PETHICK-LAWRENCE

TORIES AND INDUSTRY

SIR,—The findings of the Court of Inquiry into the dispute between the N.U.R. and the Transport Commission have aroused more public interest than those of any comparable body of recent years.

The danger of the present industrial situation has been brought into sharper relief by the statements of Tory M.P.s that it might have been better to face a strike; and by articles in such journals as the *Spectator* condemning both the Court of Inquiry and the Government for "unconditional surrender" to the N.U.R. Indeed, the *Spectator* article stops little short of condemning the use of Courts of Inquiry as instruments to sift the facts in such disputes. It argues that, as "it met in the knowledge that it was expected to stop a strike," its function was not one of research, but diplomacy.

During the past twelve months the reports of similar Courts of Inquiry have brought about a basis for settlement of disputes in the Engineering and Docking Industries. Those Courts also met in the knowledge that they were expected to stop strikes. Of their very nature, these reports are bound to be made in such an atmosphere. It is, therefore, pertinent to ask whether we are now witnessing the first open demands for a "get tough with the trade unions" policy from important sections of the Government's supporters. The advantages of staging the initial "show down" within a nationalised industry are all too obvious. What could be nicer than to present a picture of perfect peace in private industry while the country was being "held to ransom" by disputes in the public sector. What a delightful background for a General Election! No wonder that the less diplomatic spokesmen of industrial Toryism are annoyed with Sir Walter Monckton, and that the *Spectator* can report:—

> Conservatives who believe that there may be a specifically Conservative solution to the problem of wages and labour relations cannot help wondering at this lawyer who conceives his task to be the settling of disputes at any cost.

Speaking in the Industrial Debate in the Commons on 3 March, 1954, I pointed out that we were witnessing a most remarkable paradox in the fact that we

have a Tory Government in political power and the trade unions in industrial power. I suggested that signs were not lacking that certain elements among the larger employers' associations were attempting to redress the balance of industrial power—in other words, trying to get back to the pre-war position in which they could control the industrial situation.

From the bitterness which is now being displayed against the Court of Inquiry and the Minister of Labour it would appear that the battle for power in industry is now moving into an even more dangerous phase. The pace and intensity with which it moves may well determine the timing of the General Election.

House of Commons. FRED LEE

"AUNT OR ARBITER"

SIR,—Your art critic, whose capacity to express his enthusiasm for the arts, together with his desire that they should be enjoyed by the widest possible public, is undeniable, appears to single out the Institute of Contemporary Arts as a most notable "esoteric clique" which he exhorts the Arts Council to campaign against rather than support.

It is with some surprise that I read the terms of this call to arms. The facts are as follows: (1) Membership of the Institute is open to all. (2) The exhibitions that it organises have included and will continue to include the majority of the painters named by Mr. Berger as being those that "prove that the life (of the arts) is worth saving." (3) Its programme of discussions and lectures has provided a platform for protagonists of the arts of such diverse opinions as Professor Kemenoff, Mr. Alfred Barr, Professor Coldstream, Mr. Victor Pasmore, etc. Even Mr. Berger himself has accepted one of the many invitations addressed to him to take part in the Institute's activities: he was kind enough to give a lecture soon after his return from a visit to Russia.

In consequence it would seem more reasonable to suppose that what he really meant to say was: "at the moment the Council contributes *only* £1,500 annually to the I.C.A." He must recognise that this Institute is unhappily one of very few organisations in London which fulfils to the best of its ability certain important functions. Besides holding exhibitions which, though justified by their quality or documentary value, are not within the province of other galleries either commercial or official, it provides an open forum for frequent discussions of exactly those problems which he professes to believe to be so urgent, and in addition it continues to pursue its primary aim, which is to bring about a closer association between those who practice the arts, including poetry, music, architecture, theatre and films, and those who should enjoy them. Are not these activities among those to which Mr. Berger is alluding when he states that the Council will increasingly have to look for the energy and organisation necessary for the total rehabilitation of art?

The I.C.A. does not claim to be able to bring about this happy revolution over night, nor does it necessarily accept Mr. Berger's personal judgments, but it does continually invite wider co-operation from those who sincerely desire a more robust life for the arts and artists in this country. Also it is bold enough to comply with another of Mr. Berger's requirements, for although it is restricted by lack of funds and therefore unable to commission works of art, it does believe that it must be an arbiter in the true sense of that word, which does not imply dictatorship.

I.C.A., ROLAND PENROSE
17-18 Dover St., W.1.

INSPIRATION FOR THE PAINTER

SIR,—In my article, "Inspiration for the Painter," I thought I was expressing the view that a synthesis of abstract and figurative elements was not only possible but desirable in painting. Apparently the false battle, non-figuration *versus* realism, so dominates and distorts current thought that people cannot read what one writes if one argues for this synthesis (and it has, in fact, been my main argument in numerous articles in your columns in recent years). Thus Mr. Alec Clifton-Taylor persists in thinking I am against "the subject" and lectures me at length on the very point I was myself making for the hundredth time, i.e., that the *subject* (in figurative painting) can, and must, influence the character of the abstraction in such a work. A wave gives rise to a wave-form, to repeat his example. What does he think my balcony, window, sea, sand-bar and harbour were doing in the example I gave? That actual window *and* a rectilinear, abstract configuration were *jointly* present in the work I described. That was the essence of the argument. Incidentally, it was unfortunate that the final sentences in the paragraph in which I spoke of Michelangelo seem inadvertently to have been cut in the published version. My proof read: ". . . And so on. The abstract design is always the paramount reality. Yet that design, at its greatest, *derives* from visual experience and re-communicates the visual scene."

In the present atmosphere this is a difficult point to make—each side reads one's argument from an opposite standpoint and sees in it only a sympathy for "the enemy" in one sentence or another. To Mr. Clifton-Taylor I stand for non-figuration: to Mr. Otway McCannell I am bogged down in worship of a too mundane subject matter—"kippers on plates." Yet, in reality, my position is quite a simple one. I believe in *abstracting from the visual scene*. Abstract energy in a work does not, for me, preclude a commentary upon the world outside the painting.

I admit that during the past two years I have often championed the purely non-figurative: it is profoundly interesting and it is very far from being understood—two good reasons for writing about it sympathetically. Yet, as painter, I am myself still wedded to "abstraction from" . . . the visual scene (and I should have thought my "Inspiration" article had, sufficiently obviously, the air of a personal manifesto about it?). May I, in conclusion, quote what I once wrote in your columns on Hitchens (*N.S. & N.*, June 14, 1952)?

> The point is: the stabbed arc of greeny-olive paint is the pine branch. You are not made conscious of . . . the branch and at the same time left unconscious of the actual paint that evokes it: that [is] the fallacy of realism, which aims at an illusionistic rendering of natural appearances. Nor . . . are you conscious of some paint on canvas, but not conscious of the pine branch: that [is] the fallacy of "pure abstraction." Instead, you are conscious of the branch as paint. In such duality lies the central tradition. . . .

Figuration (*not* "realism") through abstraction: abstraction in figuration. This dualism has been my favourite theme. PATRICK HERON

MORALS WITHOUT RELIGION

SIR,—Dr. Soper, in discussing Mrs. Knight's broadcast talks, declared that "Christianity is the grandmother of true morals." No one, who has studied the history of the Church dispassionately, can agree with such a pronouncement. The teaching of Christ is one thing; the practices of professing Christians, especially in the Middle Ages, have been quite another matter. Iniquitous penal laws, condoned by the Church, persisted up to the end of the eighteenth century.

Even today, while Dr. Soper maintains that "a Christian should support Leftish policies," we have in this country a reactionary Government, determined to preserve the *status quo*—the privileges of rank and wealth—if possible. Moreover the majority of our leaders, even including some Labour politicians, condone such iniquities as preparation for nuclear warfare.

Injustices perpetrated in British colonies—in Kenya, and in Northern Rhodesia, where African leaders are imprisoned on trumped-up charges of "sedition"—clearly proclaim that there is something wrong with the moral sense of our leaders.

It is as well to bear in mind that Christ was not the first great moral teacher in the world. His predecessors included Buddha, the ex-Prince Gautama, whose followers included King Asoka (273-232 B.C.) one of the wisest and most humane rulers of all time. True Buddhism, like true Christianity, was hard to follow; and for this reason Asoka's noble experiment did not survive his death. Later Buddhists could only give lip service to the great ideals taught by "The Enlightened One." The same condition applies to the Christian religion also. Survival in its present form is practically impossible.

Last May, Professor Marcus Oliphant, of Australia, in replying to an accusation by the Pope that scientists had been guilty of "misuse of science," retorted that "the world's sorry state is the fault of the Churches for not doing a better job." (See *Time*, May 31, 1954.) He was, of course, abused by theologians for making such an outrageous statement. But, if "Christianity is the grandmother of true morals," the Churches which profess to teach Christianity—and cannot even agree among themselves—have certainly not done a good job.

Worthing. C. E. COOKSON

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—May I add one or two comments to those made by "Mental Hospital Doctor"? I can confirm from my own experience that, at any rate as far as neurotic children are concerned, adequate treatment is not available through the National Health Service. This, of course, is not in any way to decry the magnificent efforts of the people who do their best in child guidance clinics at present. The reasons for this state of affairs are in general, I think, those given by your correspondent, but there is another aspect to the problem which cannot be very widely appreciated. I recently investigated the possibility of obtaining qualifications to practise psychoanalysis, and found to my surprise that though possessing medical qualifications and other useful experience, I should need to pay about £300 a year for one to two years for a personal analysis before beginning a course which would lead to the appropriate diploma. In the case of a man who is married and has a family, the financial difficulties would increase later in the course, and in general represented a barrier which must deter many doctors who would otherwise undergo training and help to provide the service we so sadly need now. It seems to me that this is a situation requiring considerable modification if we are to train enough people to meet the needs of the mentally sick.

MEDICAL SCIENTIST

MRS. JEAN BUTLER

SIR,—"Critic," in referring to the case of Mrs. Jean Butler, points out that the Home Office has power to keep her out of this country even if she marries a British subject and thereby acquires British nationality.

But Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, Joint Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, assured me categorically in a personal but unconfidential conversation that after Mrs. Butler's re-marriage the Home Secretary could not prevent her from residing here.

I cannot believe that Sir Hugh doesn't know his own legislation or that he would try to mislead me. I therefore conclude that the Home Secretary realises that the exclusion of a British subject from Great Britain on undisclosed grounds would be so repugnant to the public conscience that he would not wish to exercise his extreme powers in such a case.

House of Commons. IAN MIKARDO

[Critic writes: "The legal position appears to be that if Mrs. Butler marries a British subject abroad, she can claim British citizenship as of right. (British Nationality Act, 1948, section 6(2). But even if she does get it, the deportation order will operate to keep her out of this country until the Home Secretary revokes it. (Aliens Order, 1920, article 20(5).)"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

NEXT BIRTHDAY

SIR,—It may have escaped the attention of many of your readers that this year will mark the 81st anniversary of the birth of the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston S. Churchill, K.G., M.P.

Would it not be possible appropriately and economically to celebrate this notable occasion by offering to take The Portrait back?

LESLIE HALE

House of Commons.

The New Statesman and Nation, January 29, 1955

Books in General

EVERY great revolution has both its profound social content and its immediate political cause. Some revolutions lack the former, but these are not great revolutions: they are palace revolutions, which may nevertheless, like the Glorious Revolution of 1688, be surgical and salutary. Sometimes the latter element is lacking: then we have a "revolutionary situation" but not revolution, as in England in the 1840s; for in the unbroken political crust the smouldering subterranean embers find no vent. But in 1640 both elements were present in fatal combination and then England experienced its only great revolution: those twenty years of war and anarchy which Clarendon happily named the Great Rebellion.

How did it break out? Miss Wedgwood, narrating the events with faultless scholarship and graceful style*, does not admit any profound problem. "I have not attempted," she says,

> to examine underlying causes, but rather to give full importance to the admitted motives and the illusions of the men of the seventeenth century . . . the behaviour of men as individuals is more interesting to me than their behaviour as groups or classes.

But is it true that the men of the seventeenth century declined to admit underlying causes? And was the revolution made only by those public men whose behaviour as individuals can be studied? I think not. The controversy about its profound causes is as old as the Revolution itself. James Harrington, long before Professor Tawney, sought its origin in the days of the Tudors, and his contemporary Clarendon, by implication, answered him, declaring that "I am not so sharp-sighted as those who have discovered this rebellion contriving from, if not before, the death of Queen Elizabeth." And between the great theorist and the great statesman, thousands of lesser men, whose participation in the struggle made it revolutionary, admitted their motives. It was not because they disapproved of "unconstitutional" taxes or the imposition of the Prayer Book in Scotland that men who were neither taxpayers nor Scots first protested, then rebelled, against both government and society. They had—and avowed—other, social reasons for their discontent.

To isolate particular social causes is always speculative, but in the Great Rebellion one grievance soon became pre-eminent: the state of the law. To the ruling classes the Common Law, the guarantee of property, was as respectable as the Bank today: it was, said its greatest and most prosperous exponent, Sir Edward Coke, "divinely cast into the hearts of men and built upon the irremovable rock of reason." But when the thin crust of the ruling class was broken and other voices were heard—the voices of poor gentry, of younger brothers, of peasants and artisans, "the people of England" who bore and resented the burden of that top-heavy courtly society—what an outcry arose against "the corruption and deficiency of the laws of England" and those "insatiable cannibals" the common lawyers! "Reformation of law and clergy" was the slogan which united all the Independents, radical and conservative alike; after the Battle of Dunbar, Colonel Pride hoped to hang up the lawyers' red gowns with the captured Scots colours as spoils of war in Westminster Hall; and to reform "wicked and abominable laws" was one of Cromwell's most constant ambitions, for "the law, as it is now constituted," he said, "serves only to maintain the lawyers and encourage the rich to oppress the poor." Such was the real feeling of hitherto inarticulate classes about the laws of England, whose voice, however, and whose "admitted motives," Miss Wedgwood does not hear—or how could she assure us that the law in England was regarded with "affection" and say that "there is little evidence at this epoch in England of any real fear of the law . . . the law remained popular and serviceable in spite of all"?

Such social grievances made up the tinder of rebellion, and rebellion itself sometimes made them more inflammable; but mere tinder, however combustible, cannot cause a conflagration and in other countries similar matter lay often, and long, unlit. The economic depression was a European phenomenon. Fiscality, sale of offices, and the straits of the gentry exercised Cardinal Richelieu in France. The expensive racket of the Court, the growth of entails, the plight of younger brothers, were deplored as vocally in Spain as in England. And yet in France and Spain there was no such revolution because the tinder there lacked the essential spark. In England there was a spark: the spark created by the violent political friction between the two parties into which, in the 1630s, the ruling class found itself split.

This political cause of the Rebellion is Miss Wedgwood's real subject. In this she is on the side of Clarendon as against Harrington. And yet whereas even Clarendon, if he would not look back as far as Queen Elizabeth, at least went back to the 1620s to explain the Rebellion, Miss Wedgwood begins her narrative in 1637, when the parties were already organised for action and their deeper motives buried in the past. This, I think, is unfortunate. For in 1637 "the grand contrivers" of the rebellion, as Clarendon called them, were already elder statesmen, and if we are to do justice to their motives and understand the intensity of their feelings, we must know the circumstances and experiences which had formed and still fed them. And in fact the more we study them, the more we are led back, with Clarendon, to the 1620s, to the reign of the Duke of Buckingham. It was then that the extravagant rackets of the Court had most affronted the country, then that so many of the outrages afterwards listed in the Grand Remonstrance had been perpetrated, then that parliamentary privileges had been most forcibly asserted and most violently broken and members of Parliament illegally imprisoned, even to death. The elaborate precautions and sometimes sharp practices of Pym and his allies in 1640-2 are not fully intelligible unless we remember the fear behind them: a fear neither hypothetical nor unreasonable, for it was based on a bitter recollection of past treatment. The parliamentary leaders of 1640 had been the parliamentary martyrs of 1629: most of them had suffered then in one way or other. For eleven years thereafter they had organised themselves for revenge—in country houses, in puritan societies, in trading companies, in legal actions; and now, having learnt by experience the character of their enemies and recovered the initiative against them, they were determined, this time, not to fail.

And who were their enemies under the Crown? First there was Archbishop Laud, "that little active wheel that set all the rest on motion," "the centre from whence our miseries do flow." But Laud was now an old and broken man, a bureaucrat without a party, deserted by all the sorry creatures he had vainly raised up. Once in prison he was no danger and could be ignored. Far different was Strafford, "Black Tom Tyrant," whom the Opposition hated the more as an ally who had deserted them. Strafford is still Miss Wedgwood's hero; and, indeed, the tragedy of his power, his mission and his betrayal must always give him something of heroic stature. Moreover, unlike Laud, he has a romantic appeal: commanding, fearless, and with the gift of style. The doctrines of absolutism acquired, in his mouth, a warmth and majesty which Laud, the "little meddling hocus-pocus," could never give them. "The authority of a King," he once wrote, "is the keystone which closeth up the arch of order and government, which, once shaken, all the frame falls together in a confused heap of foundation and battlement"; that authority, he thought, the Puritans "would have circumscribed and brought under the government of their narrow and shrivelled-up hearts"; and when he set out, in the crisis of his own and his master's fortune, "with more danger beset, I believe, than ever man went out of Yorkshire, yet," he wrote, "my heart is good and I find nothing cold within me."

Nevertheless it is, I believe, a mistake to idealise this romantic but primitive figure. With his rough methods, his contempt for legitimate interests, and that unscrupulousness which idealists so easily excuse in themselves, Strafford was a disaster in the mature politics of England. He offered to conquer Scotland with an army of Irish barbarians and to impose upon it an English governor; to cow the City of London by hanging a few aldermen; and to subject England with the help of Spanish money—for with "the debts of the Crown taken off," he once told Charles I, "you may govern as you please." No wonder he was universally distrusted by those who wished to defend English institutions against an erratic and arbitrary authority. No wonder, in 1641, they felt safe only through his death. They knew their King too well. They knew he would play for time and then, by hook or crook, at a favourable moment, dissolve the Parliament and bring Strafford, if he were alive, back to power; and then Pym, Hampden and the rest, like Eliot in 1629, would be sent to the Tower to die. The execution of Strafford was judicial murder, but what of the death of Eliot? Pym and his friends, whose political life went back to the outset of the reign, remembered Eliot; Miss Wedgwood, going back only to 1637, does not.

This shortness of memory, and this idealisa-

* *The King's Peace*, 1637-41. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. Collins. 25s.

tion of Strafford, seem to me to harm Miss Wedgwood's history. It takes the genuine passion out of it. Eager to do justice to all, to put the best construction on their acts, she fails to recreate the long tension, the accumulated history of personal oppressions, suspicions and betrayals, the inveterate determination of those now experienced men to bring their frivolous and shifty King, at whatever cost and by whatever methods, back again into the ancient ways. Instead of this, Miss Wedgwood sometimes seems to describe only unfortunate mutual misunderstandings in the polite society which Sir Antony Van Dyck painted and Sir John Suckling sang, with an undertone of less dignified clerical bickering below the shapely Jacobean salt-cellar. This seems to me to do justice to the honesty of men's intentions, but perhaps not to the seriousness of their problem.

For the political problem which faced the Puritans in 1640 was indeed serious, and they faced it seriously. Indeed, they nearly solved it. Had the Earl of Bedford's settlement, in 1641, been acceptable, England would perhaps have escaped those twenty years of confusion. Unfortunately, as it turned out, 1641 was already too late. After sixteen years in the wilderness the "grand contrivers" were at last in power, and then, before they could complete their work, Death took them, one by one. In that very year the greatest of them, Pym's patron and master, the Earl of Bedford, died. Two years later Pym and Hampden followed him. Meanwhile, the irresponsible King lived on. With those deaths, and that continued life, the problem darkened, the solution receded. Bloody and untidy in its course, futile and desperate in its aims, the Great Rebellion drifted on, and Strafford was proved right in his formula: the crumbling royal authority did indeed bring down with it "a confused heap of foundation and battlement," and the high-piled social tinder was set alight. But in the application of his formula Strafford was wrong. It was not the "narrow and shrivelled-up" Puritan limitation of that authority but the irresponsible royal exercise of it which caused the convulsion. In this respect at least the accidents of personal history were more important than either social tinder or political spark.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

FOR A CHILD BORN DEAD

What ceremony can we fit
You into now? If you had come
Out of a warm and noisy room
To this, there'd be an opposite
For us to know you by. We could
Imagine you in lively mood

And then look at the other side,
The mood drawn out of you, the breath
Defeated by the power of death.
But we have never seen you stride
Ambitiously the world we know.
You could not come and yet you go.

But there is nothing now to mar
Your clear refusal of our world.
Not in our memories can we mould
You or distort your character.
Then all our consolation is
That grief can be as pure as this.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Poets of the Thirties

Collected Poems. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber.* 15s.

Collected Poems 1954. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape* and *Hogarth Press.* 21s.

Between about 1933 and 1939—between the coming of Hitler to power in Germany and the outbreak of the Second World War—four poets, Mr. Auden, Mr. MacNeice, Mr. Spender, and Mr. Day Lewis, had for the common reader a social significance as a group which no set of poets had had in the recent past and no set of poets has had since. The educated reader of liberal or radical sympathies and anxious good will could turn in these days from his newspaper to the latest volumes by these poets and find the same themes dealt with more pungently: mass unemployment and an apparent failure of nerve in our leaders at home, violent encroachments on liberty abroad, worries about whether the foundations of our society were decaying and needed drastic renewal, the threat of war. After 1940, however, these four poets ceased to have this kind of group significance.

Behind their best work, there had been clinically exact observation; but behind some of their weaker work, there had been a couple of myths which were less well. One was a boys' adventure story myth about explorers, airmen, groups of conspirators, and a vaguely conceived, amorphous set of "enemies": society redeemed by a dedicated *élite*. It was a projection, perhaps, of public-school morality, an unconscious rejection of the slow, cumbrous fashion in which a genuinely democratic society really progresses. The other was a Sorelian myth of the last battle that would lead to the good society. The Second World War gave no signs of being a last battle; the Welfare State brought into being by that war and by the General Election of 1945 was an enormous improvement on pre-war decay and muddle but not yet the good society in any wildly ambitious sense. Moreover, the social revolution of 1945 was brought about not by groups of leaders of the T. E. Lawrence type but, very democratically, by the calm consistency of moderate men like Mr. Attlee, and by a change of heart in the average voter. In this new world of benevolent bureaucracy, the radical poet of the Thirties felt himself now a political amateur. It tended, moreover, through the British Council or the B.B.C., to absorb him. The former goad of the State became a kind of cultural prop of it:

> Many young princes soon disappear
> To join all the unjust kings.

In the very natural reaction against what seems now an element of unreality in the attitudes of these poets in the Thirties, there has been, among younger critics, a tendency to be unfair to them as poets. Mr. Spender's poems, at their best, for instance, are not made out of facile responses, but out of the poet's uncomfortable and honest awareness that his first responses to anything probably *are* facile. Thus, when a poem seems to be wobbling in the air like a balloon he can yank it down to earth again with ropes of flat statement:

> At first you did not love enough
> And afterwards you loved too much
> *And you lacked the confidence to choose*
> *And you have only yourself to blame.*

It is the *merit* of the two lines I have italicised that they are so extremely flat and prosy, so exactly what anyone would say in the circumstances. Younger poets who think of Mr. Spender as "soft" or "wet" should notice how stringently he can handle unpleasant themes:

> Yet supposing that a bomb should dive
> Its nose right through this bed, with one upon it?
> The thought's obscene. Still, there are many
> For whom one's loss would illustrate
> The "impersonal" use indeed. The essential is
> That every "one" should remain separate
> Propped up under roses, and no one suffer
> For his neighbour. Then horror is postponed
> Piecemeal for each, until it settles on him
> That wreath of incommunicable grief
> Which is all mystery or nothing.

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HUTCHINSON

The rational flatness of "or nothing" there is as deliberate as a throw-away line in Empson. In the poems of love and separation, again, with what a sinister gaiety *Song* encloses but is just not broken down by the hysteria of loss:

Oh, but supposing that I climb
Alone to a high room of clouds
Up a ladder of the time
And lie upon a bed alone
And tear a feather from a wing
And listen to the world below
And write around my high paper walls
Anything and everything
Which I know and do not know.

It is at once the peculiar distinction of Mr. Spender, and what, to some people, makes him infuriating, that his deepest sympathies are directed towards the unheroic; towards, pretty broadly, weakness, including his own, and not towards strength. A "man of feeling" of this sort is obviously out-of-step with our dry-eyed, tight-lipped, pseudo-stoical age, biting its knuckles so that it may not scream. Facile emotionality does weaken some of Mr. Spender's poems and spoil others; but this, even if it sometimes leads to sentimentality, is surely less dangerous to poetry in the long run than the fear of feeling. Technically, Mr. Spender is a good but vulnerable poet. The very quality that gives his work an immediate recognisability—a kind of awkward grace, or clumsy adroitness—is itself vulnerable. He is like a man rubbing sticks together to get a spark. But the spark comes,

That programme of the antique Satan
Bristling with guns on the indented page...

In sunbright peninsulas of the sword...

Abrupt and charming mover...

It glows brighter, because we have watched him working for it. The clumsiness also acts as a check on too easy feelings; (it is, indeed, less noticeable in this collected volume than in any past individual volume—Mr. Spender has thrown out many of his weaker poems, has made many unobtrusive, tactful, and happy revisions in the poems that remain). I should not like yet to try to "place" Mr. Spender as a poet; but it is impossible to read this collected volume without being often deeply moved, without feeling respect for the slow patience of the craftsman and affection for the gentle heart and honestly groping mind of the artist.

I reviewed a less complete collection of Mr. Day Lewis's poems in these pages some years ago. I hope this will excuse my dealing fairly briefly with *Collected Poems, 1954*, which brings the former collection up to date. In an age in which we tend to think of the typical poem as a brief intense complexity, Mr. Day Lewis has a Victorian taste for amplitude. He needs length to develop himself, and so it is hard to convey his quality by isolated quotations. In his diction, also, often boldly florid and frankly "poetic," Mr. Day Lewis is more like a Victorian, often, than like a contemporary of Auden. Even his more colloquial style is full of skilful echoes of Clough, Hardy, Browning. As a verse craftsman, he has a more consistent and various dexterity than Mr. Spender—I would call attention to the beautiful *The Chrysanthemum Show*, the parodic deftness of parts of *An Italian Visit*, the fine version of *Le Cimetière Marin*—but perhaps a less unified poetic personality and, because of the many skilfully absorbed influences, a less individual tone of voice. Since 1940, both his techniques and attitudes have notably matured—in the directions particularly of flexibility and tenderness. The sometimes rather shrill and doctrinaire rebel of the Thirties has now become in a sense an academic poet, a poet very consciously "in the main tradition" (which is, indeed, what the Professor of Poetry at Oxford should be). Let me add that I consider Mr. Day Lewis a very worthy and respectable academic poet indeed.

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DENT
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Jung's God

Answer to Job. By C. G. JUNG. Translated by R. F. C. HULL. *Routledge*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Professor Jung has at last decided to speak more explicitly about the nature of evil and suffering and about the relationship of God and man, and man's redemption. But this is a muddling book which, for all its inevitable brilliance, leaves the reader deeply disappointed. The wisdom and penetration in which it abounds cannot conceal the fact that Jung's ideas on these matters, particularly his concept of God, are sterile and almost childish.

Professor Jung has for many years had a considerable influence on those people who find themselves unable to subscribe to any formulated theology, but unwilling to contemplate a coldly Godless universe. His psychology has offered them scope for spirituality without intellectual or social obligations, and without the formidable self-discipline demanded by organised cults such as Ouspensky's, and similar esoteric cliques. But now that he has come into the open it is debatable whether the metaphysic he has to offer will justify their confidence. According to him, God is a psychic reality, but whether he means by this that the idea of God corresponds to a human need, or that God is a separate spiritual or mental force, or simply a layer of the unconscious, is hard to determine. Jung holds that God contains all qualities, both good and evil, and so is apt, as epitomised by the story of Job, to behave vindictively towards human beings. The only way in which His conduct towards them could be regularised was by sending His Son, and, so far as later generations are concerned, His Son's Mother, to act as mediators.

What is difficult to decide in all this, is whether Jung conceives these ideas merely as profound psychological myths, or as corresponding to actual facts. It is possible to consider that God does not exist, and that man's belief in divinity is a necessary palliative for his loneliness and uncertainty. But if He does exist, it is surely infantile to attribute to the creator and maintainer of the cosmos the qualities of a grumpy old man. One cannot help wondering whether Jung's concept of a wise and powerful, yet erratic, fallible and irritable God, may not derive more from Jung's knowledge of Jung, than from a true and humble search into the purpose and ends of creation. If God were merely an aspect of the unconscious, such a projection would be excusable, but if Jung is in any doubt on this point, he is guilty of the grossest form of psychological anthropomorphism.

Professor Jung is of course a very great man, with a profound understanding of human beings and their dilemmas. On the other hand, for all his wisdom, he has never formulated his knowledge into a set of practical and theoretical principles which could lend to lesser minds the whole value of his experience. He has relied on his force as an archetypal figure, to give his disciples an orientation, in substitution for a system. Instead of confining his interests to the more pragmatic aspects of mental illness, as Freud chose to do, he has taken a winding path away from what is relevant to sickness, into the esoteric fields of oriental mysticism and alchemy. Within these regions he has thrown light on subtle and intransigent problems (though not, as he claims, by scientific method), but not enough fully to establish a solid basis for the understanding of the questions into which he inquires. This is in itself, of course, no criticism of Jung. He has decided where his interests lie, and has followed them. He has long since ceased to have much concern in purely clinical matters, and is reported to have said that many Freudian formulations are perfectly correct, but too obvious to bother about. But the fact remains that although Freud was in many ways a less profound and interesting man, he created a sounder school of practical psychotherapy because he built it up, step by step, on a basis of empirical investigation. Jung has come to regard man's difficulties as "spiritual" rather than "psychological"—quite rightly—yet continues to tackle metaphysical problems with scientific tools.

In *Answer to Job* we come to a dead end. The book itself is fascinating because of Jung's peculiar insight, but contributes little to what we already know. Here is no new revelation, no "nothingness" to be faced with courage, and in the place of some incomprehensible, creative majesty, we have what seems very like a projection of Jung himself.

ADAM CURLE

New Novels

Cards of Identity. By NIGEL DENNIS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 15*s*.

The Tunnel of Love. By PETER DE VRIES. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Kiss of Kin. By MARY LEE SETTLE. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Village in the Trees. By JONAS LAMPTEY. *Heinemann*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Here is a batch of novels which, disparate though they are, are quite out of the ruck in interest and performance. It would be unreasonable to expect a funnier book this year than Mr. de Vries's; Miss Settle follows up her brilliant first novel, *The Love Eaters*, with a work which is only less exciting because her scene and characters are more familiar; while Mr. Lamptey's *The Village in the Trees* is a first novel on the fashionable theme of Africa which, in some respects at least, goes beyond the conventional treatment of the subject. Yet pride of place must go to Mr. Dennis as the most ambitious of them all: *Cards of Identity* is the most considerable attempt at a serious and sizeable satire that we have had for some years. It is witty, full of comic invention—not all of it on the same level, and it is packed with fundamental brain-work. There is the added pleasure, too, that Mr. Dennis is something of a literary virtuoso.

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Perhaps his theme may best be indicated by reference to the old nursery rhyme character who, going to market, fell asleep on the King's highway and had her petticoats cut up to the knees by a naughty pedlar named Stout. When she woke, "she began to cry, Lackamercyme this is none of I!"

> But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
> I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
> If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
> And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail.
>
> Home went the little woman all in the dark;
> Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
> He began to bark, so she began to cry,
> Lackamercyme, this is none of I!

Mr. Dennis's theme, in other words, is the problem of identity, and he seems to see contemporary man as essentially lacking in identity, or at least easily deprived of his sense of it and uneasily unaware that there is no constant factor in his conception of himself: cut off his petticoats, and he cries "This is none of I!" Mr. Dennis's novel, which is long, struck me as being slow in getting under way. The trouble here, I think, lies in what the Augustan critics would have called the machinery of his fable. The novel opens with a grand country house, long empty, being taken over by a fine old English gentleman, his wife and stepson. They are not what they seem: they are, in fact, the advance guard of the Identity Club. They kidnap a seedy hanger-on of the landed classes and his sister, erase their identities and even their knowledge of the relationship between them, and turn them into a butler and a widowed housekeeper. A local doctor, harassed to the point of breakdown by the exigencies of the National Health Service, is brainwashed into a gardener and his nurse into his assistant. And so on. But all this is merely preparation for what, in effect, are the real guts of the book, the annual conference of the Identity Club and the three case-histories that are read before it.

These seem to me extremely brilliant and also very relevant to the times. The first describes a case of what might be called for short High Toryism, that of the upper-class young man who, with the traditional world in ruins about him, retreats into an almost mystical worship of the past. He becomes Co-Warden of the Badgeries. The Warden's duties are explained as follows:

> The stuffed, or token, boar-badger is inserted into a symbolic cage and then eased out with your official emblem, a symbolic gold spade. In this way, there is no need actually to disturb any living badger: the whole ceremony is performed quietly in London.

The Wardens' perquisites are few: a symbolic dog-rose presented annually by the Knights of Egham; a suite of chambers now occupied by the L.C.C.; and sole right to the faggots of Holborn Common.

The second history is a case of sexual identity. "Sometimes," its subject says, "I soar above this humdrum and see myself as a rough prototype created hundreds of years too soon—product of some fantastic mating between an inverted man-girl and a perverted girl-man." The third is that of a monk, a convert from international Communism who specialises in writing his confessions as a Communist spy. All three are presented in great detail; as parodies of genuine case-histories they are superb, and they are frequently very funny. The readings of them are followed, before the conference ends, by a performance by the domestic staff of the house of Shakespeare's play *The Prince of Antioch, Or An Old Way to New Identity*, a very pleasing burlesque of early Shakespeare.

Cards of Identity is, as I say, a long novel, and I have had time only to read it once. But three things stand out from it, qualities indispensable to good satire: a hard-headed intellectuality of approach to the object satirised, an exuberance of comic invention, and the sense that the author has complete mastery of his material.

Mr. de Vries is an assistant editor of the *New Yorker*, and it would be difficult to review *The Tunnel of Love* without invoking that magazine, for it is *New Yorker* at its best—and a little more besides. It is set in New York and in Avalon, Connecticut, a town—

> studded with intellectuals who listened only to jazz and read principally the *avant-garde* funnies. In addition, there was the beautiful and jumpy Monica Stern, the dress designer; old Thaddeus Hall, the connoisseur of door-knobs; and Sid Walters, the clear poet.

The comedy turns on the difficulties of adopting a child. Mr. de Vries is formidably knowledgeable in what one normally thinks of as Mr. Thurber's special sphere, the battle of the sexes as fought out at the domestic hearth. He is expert in the guilt-feelings of the faithful husband: there is a wonderful scene in which his narrator, having fallen by the wayside with a young woman, decides to repeat the episode, but with a difference:

> So obsessed did I become with this idea of having another chance that I finally began to ask myself, why not? Why couldn't I re-live that evening? It should be perfectly simple. I would reproduce as closely as possible the circumstances under which I had erred, lead up to the point where I had succumbed, and then not succumb. This, I felt, would not be a mere ritualistic repair of my spirit but an actual moral victory, since the same physical indulgence would be open to me.

As a humorist in his own vein Mr. de Vries could hardly be bettered, but he also knows the human heart, at any rate that of the domesticated middle-class male, and his insights are deadly. Within his limits, he is a most polished stylist.

For her new novel Miss Mary Lee Settle has gone to the Deep South; her characters seem to exist somewhere between the Welty Belt and the Caldwell country. This means that *The Kiss of Kin* lacks the impression of newness that distinguished her first novel. The squabbling family round the matriach's deathbed, the faithful old coloured retainer who functions like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, these are anything but new. Nevertheless, Miss Settle's qualities remain: the sharpness of her focus, her economy of means, her precision of language.

The material of *The Village in the Trees* has also become over-familiar in recent fiction. Africa—the problem, the clash—seems to have dwarfed every novelist who has attempted to tackle it since Mr. Cary wrote his splendid early books. White is white and Black is black, and the twain don't meet. They don't in Mr. Lamptey's novel: in the end his hero, sympathetic to Africans as he is, is sickened and repelled by a vicious ritual murder. Mr. Lamptey, like so many of these novelists of Africa, admirably conveys the atmosphere of his scene, and the frustration, of white and black alike, is well rendered. Where he scores is in his study of the African clerk, Davis, the young man torn between the West to which he longs to go and the primitive village life to which he seems inevitably committed. This is very good indeed. Here Mr. Lamptey succeeds in one vital part of the novelist's task, which is to enlarge our sympathies.

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French as She is Wrote

The French Language Today. By L. C. HARMER. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

It is rumoured that Professor Harmer is preparing a new and revolutionary French grammar. The present book is, no doubt, an interim publication and, as such, it is an interesting pointer to the character of the future work. Yet in spite of its undoubted value and the evidence it contains that Professor Harmer's is one of those rare minds with an instinctive feeling for the mechanics of language, it is something of a disappointment.

In the first place, it is difficult and irritating to read, even for someone who shares Professor Harmer's interest. The text should not have been set up consecutively like that of an ordinary book; there should have been subdivisions, section-headings, paragraph numbers, and so on; the hundreds of examples quoted should have been clearly tabulated, not given in cramped masses that the reader must sort out painfully for himself.

The author may not be responsible for the lay-out, but a second and more serious weakness is that the book does not properly correspond to its title, a fact which is symptomatic of a fundamental uncertainty in the work. It is not a systematic discussion of various aspects of the language today. It is a collection of often acute reflections on the French language in all its stages, rather untidily grouped into six chapters—"A Nation of Grammarians," "Clarity," "Brevity," "Monosyllabism," "(Il)logicality" and "The Literary Language." A great deal of what is said in the first five chapters is just as relevant to the French of previous centuries as it is to the French of today. Professor Harmer makes the point, for instance, that French has long been famed for its clarity; he then gives a useful summary of the history of synonymy in France, but concludes that French is no more and no less clear than any other of the great languages. If this conclusion is true, it has been so for the last three hundred years. He also attacks the myth of the linguistic logicality of French and proves it, as one might expect, to be unfounded; again this has no bearing on the particular state of the modern language. The same irrelevance vitiates his discussion of brevity and monosyllabism; what is the point of telling us that *un vapeur* stands for *un bateau à vapeur*? It has done so for generations. Why write, "Today, then, as a result of the constant movement towards contraction, French is a language rich in monosyllables," when the chapter has already begun with a quotation from the seventeenth-century grammarian, Vaugelas, "*Nostre langue . . . . abonde en monosyllabes*"? All this seems to indicate that Professor Harmer had not quite made up his mind what it was he wanted to write about. Had he done so, he would, no

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doubt, have pruned away a lot of information already available in other books in order to concentrate on the characterisation of the language as it exists today.

To this subject he has a contribution to make. The valuable and fairly original part of his book is his oft-repeated statement, supported by a wealth of examples, that French writers do not observe the rules of grammar, as laid down in the accepted works, and that these works themselves are often unsatisfactory and contradict each other. The most reputable French authors make mistakes in the agreement of past participles; they confuse the accusative and dative pronouns in complex verbal constructions; they often fail to respect the distinctions between the tenses of the verb; as for their treatment of the subjunctive, it is a riot of unorthodoxy. At times one can almost sense in Professor Harmer an unregenerate third-former who delights in rubbing the noses of the Froggies in their own errors. He more than proves his point. But his attitude is almost entirely negative. We expect him, for instance, to go on to show how exactly the subjunctive is used in modern French; when is it absolutely necessary? When is it optional? If Frenchmen do not respect the grammar-book, they must respect some other, as yet unformulated, system; there must be a system, even if it includes a number of alternatives. Professor Harmer leaves us wondering. Nor does he clearly pose the obvious question: have these changes a qualitative value? Do they mean that French is becoming a coarser vehicle of expression than it was?

Professor Harmer's longest chapter is on the literary language, and in it, apart from pointing out mistakes, he is mainly concerned with bringing together valuable evidence to show that archaism, or pseudo-archaism, is a kind of fetish with many present-day writers. He does not comment on the paradox of this taste for archaism at a time when traditional grammar is often treated disrespectfully. Nor does he pass any judgment on the phenomenon. Here again, his treatment of the theme could have been better focused and more comprehensive. For instance, at the opposite pole from the conscious archaism of Valéry or Gide (an archaism, which, it may be said, is often most prominent in the least satisfactory parts of their writing and amounts, at times, to an almost vulgar attempt to avoid vulgarity) is the deliberately colloquial style of Céline, the colloquial element in Claudel, and the careful obscenity of some other writers.

These various attitudes are all part of the same self-consciousness about language, and they are more important from the psychological than from the grammatical point of view. The subject is, of course, much too vast to be dealt with in a chapter, but if it is touched on at all, its dimensions should be indicated. In modern French, as in modern English, there are many styles of writing; precious, vehement, philosophical, "bright young thing", and so on. An account of French today would define these various tendencies and show the combinations in various writers; for instance, in Claudel, bluff colloquialism with Biblical echoes; in Sartre, philosophical jargon, academic neatness and student-like, anti-bourgeois obscenity. Professor Harmer might say that all this is outside his scope as a grammarian, but in the last resort, there is no dividing line between style and grammar. The tendency towards archaism, which he deals with, is basically emotional, like the other tendencies we have mentioned. It is linked to Symbolism and to the disruption of language which began in the nineteenth century. Professor Harmer refers more than once to the revolutionary changes that have taken place in French during the last few generations, but he nowhere sorts them out under adequate headings. I would suggest, tentatively, such titles as "The Cult of Obscurity," "Catch Phrases and Special Vocabularies" ("*tout se passe comme si*," "*le dépassement*," "*l'ambiguité*," "*la transcendance*," etc.). "Archaism, Inversion and Preciosity," and, very important, "Anglicisation." Professor Harmer mentions the latter once or twice, chiefly in connection with the borrowing of monosyllabic words, but, astonishingly enough, does not devote a chapter to it; yet it is a constant worry and a more vital theme than, for instance, brevity or monosyllables.

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The Cringing Pragmatist

The Letters of Daniel Defoe. Edited by GEORGE HARRIS HEALEY. *Oxford.* 42*s*.

Defoe is the archetype of a certain kind of true-born Englishman. Generally he is a Londoner, and we can see him in the Tube most mornings, poring over last week's *Economist* or glaring at a *Times* middle-page article on Trends in Textiles or The Whaling Industry in the Caribbean. From a certain way he puffs, nervously but absent-mindedly, at his cigarette, dropping long caterpillars of ash over his duffle-coat, while keeping his eyes riveted on his paper, we recognise him as the amateur expert, the armchair planner, the global pragmatist. When, later in the day, we visit the local, he is there in the saloon bar, installed on a high stool near the pin-table, rather smugly stuffing a tried old friend with a special mixture. He talks—goodness, how he talks!—knowledgeably, vividly, interminably, about Formosa and Mrs. Knight and the I.T.A. and the Rail Strike. When will Sir Winston retire? Will there be an election this year? Is a hydrogen bomb capable of destroying the whole Principality of Wales, or will it merely devastate an area the size of Greater London? Defoe knows. Defoe can tell you. And for the space of two light ales—for he is not a drinking man—Defoe does tell you. He is obsessed with what Professor Oakeshott has well called "the illusion of affairs."

For myself, I find this kind of person unstimulating, even when one knows that he will one day write *Robinson Crusoe*. I am therefore allergic to Defoe. Literary genius apart, I recognise his many other great qualities: his sincerity, his patriotism, his untiring bustle, his zeal for tolerance in an intolerant age, his ability to take incessant hard knocks from life and always come back for more punishment. But I still don't find his public character attractive. His blunt, stubby sanity, his all too moderate Whiggishness, as expressed in the 70-odd items of his polygraphic bibliography, exasperates me. I have only to read the titles of Defoe's innumerable tracts and broadsheets—*Legion's Memorial to the House of Commons* it may be, or *An Appeal to Honour and Justice*, or *The Villainy of Stock-Jobbing Detected*—to feel myself at once a High Churchman and a High Tory, a rank raving Jacobite even, an Oxford cleric drowned in October ale, or a die-hard Tacker, purple with claret, roasted oranges and the thrill of ombre.

This new and handsome edition of his correspondence, admirably edited by Mr. G. H. Healey, is unlikely to make Defoe many new friends. He was not a great letter writer and most of the letters printed here are exclusively concerned with politics. The majority are addressed to Robert Harley, the Tory Secretary of State, later Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer, who rescued Defoe from Newgate in 1704 and employed him for ten years as a kind of secret agent or political spy and as a promoter of the Union with Scotland. For the student of the latter, Defoe's Scottish correspondence is invaluable. "Nowhere else," as Mr. Healey says in his preface, "is recorded so vividly and excitingly the spectacle of two ancient nations, separated by centuries of distrust, contempt and warfare, struggling over union." And as Defoe journeyed up and down the country, reporting to Harley on the party complexion of each district—"Teuxbury. A quiet Trading Drunken Town, a Whig bayly, and all well" or "Honiton. A Terrible Mob Election here, but Sir Jno Elvill of Excester is so Cow'd by Sir Wm Drake and Fra: Gwin that he Dares not petition"—the whole book is a quarry of information about the political life of the period.

Defoe himself emerges mistily as a broken merchant, full of shifts and contrivances and unpaid bills, harassed by creditors and always hoping something will turn up, the sort of man who made a mess of chicken farming between the two world wars. He can save England by his projects—for colonising Chile, manning the Navy or establishing a European intelligence system for the Secretary of State—but he can never keep his own head above water. A bankrupt who believed fiercely, like the rest of age, in property ("Oh, Property! O Goddess, English-born!" as the poet Ambrose Philips sang, when the stocks soared on 'Change); a political theoriser, whose grandiose schemes for Europe were constantly rendered useless through simple lack of information—Defoe presents the sad spectacle of the man of intelligent good will who finds himself in an eternally false position. He is an indefatigable champion of the Good Old Cause ("Courage! men of Blew, the job is Done"), his brilliant hard-hitting in the weekly *Review* heartens Whiggery in the provinces; yet he must constantly justify his financial backsliding to his fellow Dissenters, men who believed that religion and a balanced trading account were inseparable:

> Pray also Mr. Owen Remind those Gentlemen that as to the Character They were pleas'd to give of me that night by Report Vizt that I Owe 3000*l* and have Taken advantage of all the acts of parliamt against my Creditors, it shows them too Credulous and too forward to Report things they can not be sure of, for that I. Tis false in Fact. . . .

Add to this, Defoe was a cringer, literary groveller, outstanding even for that age. He cannot write to a nobleman without breaking out into a rash of capital letters—an affectation he does not employ when corresponding on equal terms with John Fransham, the Norwich linen-draper. He had a good deal of that spiritual deviousness that marked a certain kind of Dissenter of the period. Like St. Paul, he was a great believer in being all things to all men. In his own closet Defoe felt himself one of the patriotic elect. As his biographer, Professor Sutherland, has remarked,

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"He never lost the earnestness and the stubborn conviction of having an 'inner light' that are at once the source of the Puritan's strength and of his limitation." "This," he bursts out to Fransham,

> is the Token for good to me that the work I am upon is of him whose immediate hand by wonderful steps have led me through Wildernesses of Troubles and Mountains of popular Fury to see this day in which I may in some way or other honour him whose cause I espouse, and who is the support of that Truth and peace of which I am the mean and unworthy advocate

But the same man could write to Harley:

> Yet I am your Ldpps Humble Petitioner That you will be pleased, Some-times, when Leisure May admitt, to Continue Me the Liberty of a personall Conference as Usuall, as well to Explain my Self on Such Things as are Needfull, as to Reciev Such Hints From your Lpdd in Public Matters as your Ldpp shall See Meet to Communicate for my Direction.

Harley has been reproached for his neglect of Defoe, but one has only to compare this passage with an entry in Swift's *Journal*, written in the same week, to see why the "humble petitioner" should have been cold-shouldered by his patron:

> I dined to-day with lord treasurer [boasts Swift]: we did not sit down till four. I despatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them.

That is how lazy great men are cajoled: that is how business gets done. Even if Swift did tear holes in the table-cloth, who wouldn't rather have him to dinner (with Congreve thrown in!) than be forced to read through those interminable begging letters, each one of them snivelling with Puritanic self-righteousness and self-justification. Politicians, like the rest of us, are only human.

JOHN RAYMOND

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Wool and Iron

Krupps: the Story of an Industrial Empire. By GERT VON KLASS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

The author of this pretentious and propagandist history of the Krupp dynasty would have been a delighted guest at a luncheon party given by Alfred Krupp in 1898. Beside each plate at the table was a tiny ship "tastefully" decorated with flowers or a miniature gun, loaded not with ammunition but with violets. Such sickly combinations figure prominently at many points in the story of the Krupp family: Herr von Klass wallows in them and adds a few of his own. He puts the guns on one side from time to time, picks up the violets and breathes the name of Goethe. Although he adds wistfully that "the bridge that leads from Goethe to Krupp is non-existent," he makes a spirited attempt to construct one. In few histories of armament manufacturers would the last chapter be called "the imperishable heritage" and the last word of the book be "heaven."

Sometimes it is difficult to see the iron for the wool. According to the author, the first Krupp, Friedrich (1787-1826) was not thinking of cast steel when he set up his first works in 1812, but of "pleasant schemes" and "the dizzy enhancement of human vitality." His son, Alfred the Great (1812-1887), whose favourite pastime was presenting European monarchs with gifts of field guns, preferred horses to politicians, but struggled hard "to provide thousands of families with work and an assured existence." Friedrich Alfred (1854-1902) had a "trusting nature" and might have been a timid scholar had he not been one of the richest men in Europe. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen (1880-1950), his son-in-law, was a virtuous and imperturbable Prussian to whom the outbreak of war in 1914 came as "a complete surprise." In 1923 he was imprisoned by the vindictive French, but he emerged triumphantly as a national hero to rebuild his firm's prosperity. Ten years later, "loyal citizen" that he was, he ceased caring about producing more cash registers and dentures and turned back again to guns of prohibited calibres, "though only in so far as the workshops at his disposal would allow him to do so." "He would have considered it an act of desertion," Herr von Klass comments, "to leave his post at this juncture."

When war broke out again in 1939, once more he was "struck all of a heap," but he rallied firmly "to support his threatened country with all the resources at his command. History proved unbelievably repetitive, although he was overcome with paralysis before "the spirit of Versailles, which had outlasted so many stresses, revived." His heir, Alfried (1907-) was left to face the Nuremberg Tribunal, which was dominated by Americans who quickly revealed themselves "fatally ignorant of European history." After weeks of hunger, cold, debilitating solitude and long legal argument, which he only barely understood, he was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment. With calm and dignity he worked in prison for three and a half years until Mr. John McCloy granted him an amnesty and cancelled the decree for the confiscation of the Krupp property. There was no fatal ignorance on the part of the Americans this time: "McCloy obeyed the intuitions of a sound understanding of human nature . . . and put an old continent to shame." The imperishable heritage was secure.

This charming story, occasionally darkened by violence and vengeance, is described in the blurb as "the rise of typically modern Western man." It is of value only in so far as it shows the extent to which woolly nonsense can masquerade as truth. In almost every chapter gross distortions of European and German history alternate with pseudo-psychological comment and oozing sentimentality. Above all, there is no grasp of how to write a business history, no attempt to separate anecdote from analysis, no explanation of technical detail, no understanding of economics which, even in the story of a prestige-ridden empire like Krupps', cannot be ignored. Less talk of Western man and more study of German power, less wool and more iron, are essential pre-requisites of a true history of a terribly fascinating firm.

Herr von Klass leaves the reader as much in the dark as the ladies who admired the large Krupp gun of cast steel with its mahogany carriage in the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851. But he really cannot expect an Englishman of 1954 to call the gun "delightful" and pass on to the next object.

ASA BRIGGS

The Most Unprofitable of His Servants

The Poets Laureate. By KENNETH HOPKINS. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

Political appointments to the peerage or to certain high offices in art, religion and literature (among which we may include those places in the sovereign's gift) have more than once halted the pens of historians of these subjects. The English Poet Laureateship, an office now about three centuries old and, it seems, unique in modern Europe, provides a curiously interesting study. For one thing, it is a position which has been unable to make the man—though the man, or poet, has considerably altered the prestige of the post. If it was never offered to Congreve, or Pope, or Swift, or Kipling, or Hardy at the times when Tate, Rowe, Eusden and Alfred Austin were preferred, it was also refused by Gray, Cowper, Scott, Rogers and William Morris, to name no others. Rogers (at eighty-seven) declared himself too old; Cowper, too shy; but Gray and Scott rejected it quite openly for its standing. "I should be mortified," the Duke of Buccleuch wrote to Scott, "to see you hold a situation which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous." Gray, about half a century and three Laureates earlier, himself untempted by the "bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver," yet wished that someone might accept it who would retrieve the credit of the thing. "The office itself," he added, "has always humbled the professor hitherto—even in an age when kings were somebody." The credit was to be retrieved. After the death (in 1892) of Tennyson—surely the laureate of Laureates—it was four years before a successor was admitted to the place.

The early history has always been a little confused. Dryden was in fact the first formal office-holder; though Jonson, a sort of working pre-laureate, was the first to be awarded an annual fee of £100 and "one Terse of Canary Spanish wyne." (Most of the early Laureates had difficulty in collecting the stipend.) Jonson caused a character in *Neptune's Triumph* to explain the position he held in his master's household as

> the most unprofitable of his servants, I, sir, the Poet. A kind of Christmas ingine: one that is used at least once a year, for a trifling instrument of wit or so.

Himself the most magnificent of court poets in a time when magnificence was the rule, Jonson could afford the quip. And, until the nineteenth century at least, it was to hold a good deal of truth. But neither for an honest man nor for a conscientious poet can the task of turning out official congratulatory verse be an easy one. Let the reader set about writing *for signed publication*, a laudatory ode for a royal anniversary, and he will at once be aware of the problem. Tennyson succeeded because, even at his best, he could touch the popular taste; and because, even in his own ears, the voice of the Seer could not really be distinguished from the poet's. It is in a time like ours, which seems impelled to stress—for reassurance?—the most commonplace aspects of its public figures, that the note of the Laureate sounds more and more unnatural. However honourable in intention is the present holder's official verse, it is not uttered in the recognisable poetic voice of

its writer. Much of Mr. Masefield's most valuable "public" writing, indeed, the present work reminds us, has taken the form of prose. Better this, than to turn the contemporary muse on themes so unyielding.

Mr. Hopkins's affectionate and entertaining book (which includes a small anthology of selections) is not intended to replace the larger standard work by E. K. Broadus (1921). "Professor Broadus gives more technical history than I do; I give more anecdote and allusion." The casual reader will not mind the exchange. To bring some reality into figures such as Tate or Pye is not a simple matter—perhaps because it is hard to imagine serious human qualities in people who wrote badly in that particular way—the puffed-out meaningless oratorical shriek of bad pseudo-classical poetry. Those who look for moments of lightness may note that Rowe initiated the phrase "a gay Lothario"; that to Shadwell, according to the Oxford reference book, we owe "the way of all flesh," "the noblest frailty," and "every man loves what he is good at"; that it was Pye—though Pitt's candidate and a country gentleman—who commuted the butt of sack for £27. Alfred Austin, nominated by Lord Salisbury presumably because he was not only a Tory but articulate (one of his poems was already called *Why England is Conservative*), made the most unfortunate start by an official verse celebrating the Jameson Raid. Wordsworth, consenting at a venerable age to hold the office, not only had no duties but refused for a long time to meet his royal patrons. He did appear finally at a levée, for which the still more aged Rogers lent him his court dress. (Tennyson, at a similar function some years later, was to borrow the same suit.)

Today the office has, if not grandeur, a mild sort of dignity; at least it admits the living existence of poetry. But what is the moral of its story? That good poets, whatever the theme, write better than bad ones? That few poets in civilised times write better for being awarded grants to enable them to do so? That there is no sure criterion for choosing a representative poet? Time, as we know, is a caustic and implacable judge and makes its own laureates. Is it a comfort or a warning to remember that there are occasions when even Time may have no opinion to offer?

NAOMI LEWIS

Curtain Call

The Missing Macleans. By GEOFFREY HOARE. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The chief mystery about the Missing Diplomats was cleared up for the general public on September 12, 1953, when Mrs. Melinda Maclean descended with her three children from the Arlberg-Vienna express at the small station of Schwarzbach St. Veit and was driven off in a large car to the impenetrable recesses of the Russian-occupied zone of Austria. It was obvious that she had deliberately vanished through the Iron Curtain to join her husband. So that was where Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess had gone, when they, too, vanished at Rennes railway station on May 26, 1951! Conjecture had ranged far and wide in the interim, but thenceforth all airy speculation could be abandoned. "Roger Styles," the strange pseudonym adopted by Burgess on the eve of his departure (a compound of *Roger Ackroyd* and *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*), was a will o' the wisp. This Agatha Christie touch was intentionally misleading; the plot was to turn out a Bernard Newman type of thriller—secret agents and all.

While it lasted the mystery aroused a frenzy of excitement in the popular press. Mr. Hoare, who, as Paris correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, was engaged in the Continental sleuth-work for his paper, had the advantage of some social acquaintance with the Macleans dating from earlier days. Since the disappearance of Mrs. Maclean and her children he has won the confidence of Mrs. Dunbar, Melinda Maclean's

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American mother; and with her help he goes back over every step of the long trail. Whether the book is in the best of taste may be questioned. It is not usual, even for journalists, to expose every intimate detail of married life to public scrutiny, unless the victim has been convicted of crime. Whatever guilt may attach to her husband, Melinda Maclean's only proved offence has been to deceive her mother and to prefer the wrong side of the Curtain to the right one. Yet in this book her private life is mercilessly dissected.

The full story is absorbing and pathetic. Perhaps the most remarkable conclusion to be drawn from it is the hopeless inefficiency of reporters in their self-chosen role of detectives. Within ten weeks of Burgess and Maclean's curious disappearance, the mystery, to all intents and purposes, was solved, had they only known it. Through the cordon of the press camping round Beaconshaw, the Maclean house in Surrey, two registered letters were delivered to Mrs. Dunbar from Switzerland, each enclosing a draft for £1,000, on August 4, 1951. Two days later Melinda herself received a letter there from her husband, posted in Guildford, telling her he had sent her mother the money. A whiff of the Swiss cheques reached the reporters, but could never be substantiated: they never had an inkling of Donald's letter. M.I.5 were at once informed, told Mrs. Dunbar to keep the money, and drew the obvious conclusion. But M.I.5 doesn't leak to the Press.

For the next two years Mrs. Dunbar hardly left Melinda's side, shielding her from inquisitive journalists, helping her with the children and trying to read her thoughts. Did she still love Donald? Mrs. Dunbar certainly did not, and set to work to persuade her daughter to get a divorce for desertion as quickly as possible. By the spring of 1953 everything seemed nicely arranged: as soon as Melinda could get her American passport, she would return to New York and put through the divorce. And then the thunderbolt fell from a clear sky. Without a word of farewell to her mother Melinda decamped with her children behind the hateful Curtain; and, what was worse, from papers left behind in the Geneva flat, there could be no doubt she had been deceiving her mother all along. One can hardly be surprised, therefore, that in her bitterness, Mrs. Dunbar should entrust the family secrets to Mr. Hoare to do what he liked with; or again that Mr. Hoare, when taking advantage of this generosity, should present his story from the standpoint of the betrayed mother and bereaved granny.

Now that the Missing Diplomats have been found, there remains one last question. Why did they turn traitors to their country, as most people will regard their surreptitious change of allegiance from West to East? In his book *The Traitors*, Alan Moorehead says of Fuchs and Nunn May, "in their secret hearts both of them thought they had a mission to reform the world." And Mr. Hoare has collected enough evidence to suggest that the same was true of Maclean, at least. While still at the Foreign Office he was outspoken to his friends on his hatred of the war in Korea and his desire to put a stop to it. In the letter to his wife, written after his disappearance, he wrote "you must know in your heart that I had to do what I have done." Melinda, before her own disappearance, was heard to say of another man who resembled her husband physically "he too is in favour of peace"; and in a letter written to her missing husband when in hospital anticipating her own death in childbirth later found (unopened among her belongings) she said "If you ever receive this letter it will mean that I shan't be here to tell you how much I love you and how really proud of you I am." Even for a loving wife, these are hardly words to address to an out-and-out traitor. Mr. Hoare's supposition that Donald Maclean launched himself on a one-man peace mission is in all probability correct. The record, however, of solitary peace-makers is not, up to date, impressive. Henry Ford's Peace Ship met with no response: Rudolf Hess was adjudged mad for his pains. It is perhaps too soon to tell whether Maclean has fared better.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Gothic Age

English Mediaeval Architects. A Biographical Dictionary down to 1550. By JOHN HARVEY, with contributions by ARTHUR OSWALD. *Batsford.* 75*s.*

Mr. John Harvey is a romantic of the order and fashion of Augustus Welby Pugin. An indomitable love of Gothic architecture drives him as it drove Pugin to a hard discipline. With Pugin it was the discipline of imitation in draughtsmanship and building; with Mr. Harvey it is a matter of evocation through scholarship. Behind all his writings, as behind Pugin's outpouring of drawings, is the passionate desire to see inside the world of medieval building, and not only to see but to feel—to breathe the Gothic air. The mere elucidation of technical and economic problems, the classification of names and styles are nothing like enough; he must strain through the mechanics of the subject towards the personalities of the men who drew the "plattes" and made the "moulds"; he must penetrate the typical and general to identify the individual creative mind from which sprang this subtlety of profile, that novelty of composition.

The odds against Mr. Harvey in an exploit of this kind are terrific. He laments that the English medieval architects had no Vasari; but it is far worse than that—there is scarcely a recorded phrase in the whole of the material which he has surveyed which refers to a craftsman as to a living being. All is dry bones—inscriptions, accounts, contracts, licenses, law-suits, wills. Probably the first humanely penned reference to an English mason is one which lies twenty-five years outside Mr. Harvey's range, in 1575. In that year Robert Laneham wrote about Captain Cox of Kenilworth—"an odd man, I promise you; by profession a mason and that right skilfull; very cunning in fence and as hardy as Gavin" and so on, with charming tributes to him as a territorial, a connoisseur of ale and, in his curious way, a man of letters. As a mason Captain Cox was, historically speaking, nobody. Why did no one write in this strain about Henry Redman, the creator (as it now appears from Mr. Harvey's investigations) of the Tudor brick palace style some fifty years earlier? Or if somebody did, why did the letter have the damnable ill-luck to get lost? The only human touch in Redman's biography is that Henry VIII was sorry when he died.

It is all very sad. But if Mr. Harvey's quarry remains hopelessly elusive his performance in the pursuit is remarkable indeed. Not, perhaps, since Lethaby's books on Wesminster Abbey (1906 and 1925) has anything appeared so full of illumination on English Gothic building as this dictionary. Here are more than 1,300 names of masons, carpenters, joiners and carvers documented with meticulous care and clarity. With this book in existence it is no longer excusable to imagine that English Gothic was the work either of monks and prelates (even William of Wykeham is now a non-starter) or that our churches and cathedrals in some queer way designed themselves through the agency of anonymous peasant-craftsmen. Here are the men.

Here are the men and Mr. Harvey calls them "architects." Those who know his previous writings know exactly what he means and etymologically he is on firm enough ground. It is only from the point of view of usage that his application of the word attracts criticism. The word architect came up with the Renaissance, impregnated with Vitruvian and Albertian associations. That the type of the architect in this sense and the approach to design belonging to it did not exist in the middle ages Mr. Harvey knows better than anybody. He shows, on the other hand, that great consultant masons like Wynford and Yevele were very like architects—very like indeed. But there, precisely, is the infelicity of the use of the word. Its value for comparative purposes is diminished when it is made to cover every kind of medieval workman who may have determined the ratios and ornaments of a structure.

Admittedly, once Mr. Harvey's idiosyncratic use of the word is allowed, it need trouble nobody. But idiosyncratic it remains.

It is remarkable that, within a year, two first-rate biographical dictionaries of English architecture have appeared. Mr. Harvey's runs from the eleventh century to 1550; Mr. Howard Colvin's (reviewed here last September) from 1660 to 1840. What is going to be done about the intervening 110 years, that crucial century during which Mr. Harvey's architect and Mr. Colvin's cross each other's paths? The ideal answer would be second editions of both books, in which Mr. Harvey advances through the reign of Elizabeth while Mr. Colvin takes in the whole Stuart period. Exactly how the definition of "architect" would emerge at the point of juncture it is intriguing to speculate.

JOHN SUMMERSON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DECCA'S latest contributions to complete opera are Puccini's **Manon Lescaut*, Verdi's **Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. The first is comparatively little known—at least in this country. It was produced in 1893, three years before *La Bohème*, and, though it suffers from a second act that attempts to crowd too much into itself, the work is full of charming and delicate music. The style is less broad than that of *Bohème*, and if Puccini fails to make the lovers come as fully alive as they do in Massenet's masterpiece, he does provide them with a lot of touching and melodious stuff to sing. The recording is very well made, with excellent orchestral playing and first-rate singing in the smaller parts; as Manon, Renata Tebaldi sings adequately, but, as Des Grieux, Mario del Monaco gives one of those hell-for-leather performances that have become usual in Italy today. Scarcely ever does he consent to sing below forte, and usually it is fortissimo, as well as much nearer the microphone than the other singers. That he possesses a magnificent organ is beyond question; one wishes only that he would not so misuse it. Still, this is on the whole an enjoyable set. So, perhaps, is the Decca *Traviata*: certainly it is preferable to the Toscanini version, with its wild tempi and scared singers. Acts 2 and 3 go increasingly well, and her death scene is the best thing I have heard Mme Tebaldi do—really *sung*, and yet as if she were dying. How sad, then, that she begins so poorly! In the first scene of Act 1 her singing is all over the place; her "Ah! fors e lui" is, to say the least of it, uneasy, and not improved by a wild outburst of laughter just before the cabaletta, which mantles the listener's cheek. Again, the lesser parts are admirably sustained, Pradelli's conducting is in very good style, and the balance is on the whole comfortable. The *Rigoletto* does not appear to me nearly as successful as the H.M.V. set. As the Duke, Del Monaco is as uproarious and as oppressively near as usual; Aldo Protti's tone is nice and solid, but he does not seem as much at home in the part of Rigoletto as in that of the elder Germont (*Traviata*). Hilde Gueden is an acceptable Gilda, within her scope, which cannot approach any kind of grandeur. The balance is less good than in the other operas, the chorus is rather ragged, and one has only to listen to the famous quartet to realise how lamentably the sense of style has declined in Italy of late.

I had expected great things of the complete Russian *Sadko* (Monarch), an enchanting fairy opera in Rimsky-Korsakov's happiest vein; and in some respects I found them. The orchestra plays superbly; the men are good, though except for the bass not outstanding; and the recording is much better than that of the orchestral works issued by the same company. But the female singers have to be heard to be believed; such a degree of unsteadiness, combined with such earsplitting tone, is something that even here, in poor old England, we are never called upon to endure. The set cannot therefore be recommended; which is a great pity, for it has many merits.

The Fauré *Requiem* has been third time lucky

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The net profit after providing £377,500 for taxation amounts to £410,000 compared with £248,500 for the previous year. The Directors recommend an appropriation of £162,638 to General Reserve.

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The past year was the first reasonably normal trading period since the war. Prices moved only within moderately narrow limits and business came along in sufficient quantities to keep us fully employed and with sufficient work ahead. The return to seasonal buying was complete in most markets, and the long delivery dates, amounting to six or seven months for spinners, have gone. Orders are now placed because the goods are wanted and not just as a speculation or to keep in the ordering queue.

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The report was adopted and the total Ordinary dividend distribution of 7½% for the year was approved.

Company Meeting

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

The One hundred and nineteenth Annual General Meeting of Midland Bank Limited will be held on February 16 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Harlech, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.:—

The Statement describes the extensive use which has been made of a great variety of mechanical aids designed to achieve greater efficiency, with no less security and convenience for customers, such as ledger-posting, note-counting and coin counting machines, high-precision scales for weighing notes in bulk, micro-filming, and punched card methods of recording, computing and checking. The Bank will be ready to adopt quite new methods, as for example in the field of electronics, when it is satisfied that the prospective capital and running costs are likely to be commensurate with the foreseeable gains.

Economic Trends

After discussing recent happenings in international trading and financial relations, the Statement turns to conditions in our own country and compares the economic situation today with that which had been arrived at ten years after the end of the first world war. The most conspicuous contrast lies in the fact that the country was then carrying about one-and-a-half-million unemployed, whereas there is now very little involuntary unemployment. Again, industry as a whole has proved itself this time to be more adaptable, and more steadily progressive than it was at any time between the two wars. The magnitude and range of its output have far outstripped pre-war production. In agriculture, too, the contrast is equally striking between relative prosperity, with an outlook that inspires confidence for the future, and the long depression that prevailed between the two wars, in this vital home industry.

It is now recognized that the unhappy state of affairs in the later 'twenties was related in no small degree to the prevailing monetary conditions, which were an inescapable result of the premature return to the gold standard, with a completely unregulated foreign exchange market, at the pre-war parity between the pound and the dollar. This time no such course of action has been followed, and the new external valuation of the pound takes full account of the basically altered relations among national currencies. It is no mean achievement to have reached a stage at which the current account surplus on Britain's balance of payments has surpassed—though in terms of depreciated pounds—that recorded for 1928. This result is to be attributed in large part to the much greater vigour and buoyancy displayed by our export trade.

The great achievements in our industry and export trade are the more gratifying when account is taken of the difficulties, notably the load of taxation, standing in the way of the provision of capital resources for improved efficiency and the development of new products.

The national economy has made a much smoother more firmly grounded recovery after the second world war than after the first. We are now better placed to ward off any threat of a second post-war decade comparable in any degree with the tragic depression of the 'thirties. For reasons indicated, however, it would be folly to assume that the satisfactory balance of payments achieved by Great Britain during the past three years can be maintained without the continuance of unabated effort.

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—or so most people will think; the new set, by the Elizabeth Brasseur choir, the Lamoureux Orchestra, and two excellent soloists (Pierrette Alarie and Cammille Maurane), gives a highly finished account of the work (*Ph.). At the same time, I must admit that I find this a soulless performance, and really prefer the Capitol disc, since, with all its faults of recording and occasional misconceptions, it seems to me to capture more thoroughly the spirit of the lovely music. But I know that this view will be thought eccentric. No one, I imagine, will think it odd of me to recommend, and in the highest terms, the Plainchant *Requiem* sung by the monks of St. Martin of Beuron (Bavaria). These Benedictines sing in a style midway between the extreme gentleness and refinement of Solesmes and the forthright, earthy tones more usually found among the Cistercians. The recording is about as good as possible, for one feels the great spaces of a church and the silence round about it (D. G. "Archive"). It was a brilliant idea on the part of Karl Haas to revive the Mass in B flat by Michael Haydn (1737-1806). This is an extremely pretty and lighthearted work; the performance matches beautifully the character of the music (**P.). On the reverse, Jacqueline Delman shows herself not quite up to the difficulties of Bach's Wedding Cantata ("Weichet nur"), which is much better sung by Suzanne Danco (*D.). Walton's diverting *Façade*, complete in all respects (Dame Edith Sitwell and Peter Pears are the accomplished speakers), is given a scintillating performance under the baton of Anthony Collins (**D.). Lastly, in this section, I want to draw special attention to a collection of Greek folk songs sung by Irma Kolassi (**D.). The melodies are poignant and haunting, most beautifully sung, the accompaniments are interestingly modern, but in good style, and the recording is admirable. Do not miss this. Also highly recommended: Wagner: *Götterdämmerung*—Final Scene and the Rhine Journey (Flagstad/Vienna Phil. Orch./Furtwängler (**H.M.V.).

The discography of Carl Nielsen is at last assuming impressive proportions, for, to the First, Third and Fourth Symphonies, has now been added a splendid recording of the Fifth, by Danish Radio Orch./Tuxen (**D.), which has good claim to be the most original and deeply satisfying of them all. Perhaps more immediately attractive, the puckish Clarinet Concerto and the whimsical, poetic Flute Concerto, make an excellent coupling (**D.). The solo in the latter is especially well played by the veteran Gilbert Jespersen, for whom it was written. Far more than the symphony, which explores strange horizons, these two concertos, with their instrumental quips and conversational themes, are superior examples of Nielsen's style at its most humane. So, indeed, are the three Motets for unaccompanied choir, backed by the organ fantasia, *Commotio* (*D.). The Motets (words from the Psalms) are clearly modelled on 16th-century polyphony; but their pure and simple style does not exclude individual features, particularly in the melodic lines, and the effect is moving, for they are beautifully sung by the Danish Radio Madrigal Choir under Mogens Wöldike. *Commotio* is a very different affair, far-flung and harmonically as daring as the Sixth Symphony or the Piano Suite, Op. 45. It is dexterously played by Georg Fjelrad, but his registration is sometimes ugly and at others results in confusion of parts.

Those who have yearned for a really good performance of the Haydn Cello Concerto in its original form, unembellished by Gevaerts, can now obtain it in a well managed recording by Pierre Fournier, who couples the work with Boccherini's best known Cello Concerto, that in B flat major (*D.). Some of the progressions in the latter sound to me suspiciously unclassical, but the alterations, if any, are too slight to be of much consequence. Another, but contemporary, piece of which a recording has long been a felt need, is Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*. This extraordinary and very moving work created a sensation here when the composer brought it back from America in 1942; after which it took some time to establish itself with the public. The recording, with the composer conducting the Danish Radio Orchestra, is most efficient (**D.). The coupling is equally interesting and even less known: Britten's *Diversions* for Piano (Left Hand only) and Orchestra, Op. 21, written for Paul Wittgenstein but played in this recording, with perfect understanding and accomplished brilliance, by Julius Katchen. This is an extensive work, covering a wide range of musical ideas, both romantic and capricious, and it deserves more frequent performance.

Some very fine Schumann playing has appeared recently from the Austrian pianist, Joerg Demus: the neglected but enchanting *Humoresque*, Op. 20, coupled with the Second Sonata; the *Kreisleriana*, together with the lovely Romance in F sharp and the Toccata; and the *Davidsbündlertänze*, coupled with *Papillons*. These are all **Nixa discs; but I would warn readers that the same pianist's coupling of the C major *Fantaisie* and the *Fantasiestücke* Op. 12 is to be avoided, for in these pieces Demus plays in the ham-fisted style that occasionally comes over this otherwise sensitive artist. I would also warn readers that the new LP of the Schubert Octet, by the Vienna Octet (D.), is a dull and flaccid performance that runs counter to all we love in this perennial music. Amateurs of the Liszt Sonata may well be tired of trying to make up their minds between the many rival versions that keep on turning up. None is perfect, for in this particular work perfection is almost unattainable; but in my view Edith Farnadi (**N.) achieves the best all-round performance to date, and those who buy the disc will get the *Mephisto Waltz No. 1* and the delicate *Valse-Impromptu* thrown in with the Sonata. Lennox Berkeley seldom receives the attention he deserves from the companies; so I hope that those who value the work of this sensitive musician will not overlook the Theme and Variations for solo violin, played by that excellent artist, Frederick Grinke, coupled with the Sonatina for violin and piano, in which Mr. Grinke is joined by the composer. These delightful pieces are in Berkeley's gallic vein, full of easy melody and beautifully written. Rubbra's Second Violin Sonata, on the reverse, goes to make up a most praiseworthy record.

Edward Sackville West

Week-end Competition

No. 1,301

Set by Allan O. Waith

The United States Air Force is making plans to rid Midway Island of albatrosses (also known as "gooney birds" and "mollymawks") by administering mild electric shocks. The usual prizes are offered for four prophetic verses by the Ancient Mariner. Entries by February 8.

Result of No. 1,298

Set by Tormentil

The Latin inscription in the entrance hall at Broadcasting House reads, in translation, as follows: "This Temple of the Arts and Muses is dedicated to Almighty God by the first Governors of Broadcasting in the year 1931, Sir John Reith being Director-General. It is their prayer that good seed sown may bring forth a good harvest, that all things hostile to peace and purity may be banished from this house and that the people inclining their ear to whatsoever things are beautiful and honest and of good report, may tread the paths of wisdom and uprightness." The usual prizes are offered for a suitable dedication—in English—for the headquarters of the I.T.A.

Report

On the whole this was a badly muffed entry. Most of our competitors' accustomed irony, urbanity and sense of proportion seemed to have deserted them. From all sides came nothing but heavy sarcasm about Great Mammon, the God of

Company Meetings

LLOYDS BANK

Post-War Progress

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on February 18, in London.

The following are extracts from the Statement by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.B.E., accompanying the report and accounts for the year 1954:

The profit for the year, at £2,186,072 is £102,291 higher than last year. The down-turn in advances to which reference was made a year ago has been replaced by a gradual increase throughout the year which, together with the increase in our holdings of British Government securities, has offset to some extent the effect of the fall in interest rates following the reduction in Bank Rate. On the other hand, staff and other expenses continue to increase, a factor which must make for caution in any estimate of future profits.

A year ago we were able to increase the dividend on the "A" shares by 2 per cent.; we propose for 1954 a further increase of 1 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year. We also propose the capitalisation of reserves to the extent of £3,593,239 for the purpose of paying up 5s. per share on the "A" shares of £5 each £1 paid, making the shares £1 5s. paid up.

In order to dispel any uncertainty in the minds of shareholders, we have already announced our intention to recommend in due course that the dividend on the "A" shares for the current year, subject to maintenance of the bank's profits, should be at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on the shares in their new form, being the equivalent of 15 per cent. on these shares in their present form.

Current, Deposit and other Accounts show an increase of £41 millions and on the assets side Loans and Advances are up by £12 millions and Investments by £14 millions.

Our deposits are more than three times as large as before the war and our share of the total deposits of the eleven London clearing banks, or of the five larger banks, slightly higher today than just before the war. But a large expansion in our resources, when it reflects a general inflationary movement, is by no means the unmixed blessing it is often assumed to be; it can create real problems in our internal finances.

Since before the 1914 war there has not been a single year in which the number of current accounts has failed to expand. We are today conducting about 2½ million accounts of all kinds, of which two-thirds are current accounts. In spite of this great expansion, our male staff is smaller than before the war.

Credit Expansion

I pointed out earlier that the three-fold expansion in deposits since 1938 is not an unmixed cause for self-congratulation. An expansion of credit on that heroic scale is bound to be associated with a rise in the general price level and this affects the bank in more than one way.

If prices rise, our expenses are bound to rise too, though not necessarily in exactly the same ratio. Since 1948 retail prices have risen by some 33 per cent., a percentage increase three times as great as that in our deposits. The combination of more or less stationary deposits with steeply rising costs was calculated to reduce our earnings. But as things have turned out the downward pressure on earnings was mitigated by the rise in short-term interest rates which followed the return to more flexible monetary policies in 1951.

The need for strong reserves to meet contingencies is thus as great as ever. Given the growth in our figures, something more has been needed than the additions to our published reserves, and throughout the period the increase of the internal reserves has continued to be a priority for us.

I hope that I have shown that the bank recognises its obligations to the various sections of the community with which it has dealings and does its best to meet them. For our customers we provide a first-class banking service at a reasonable cost. In the last two years we have been able to raise the payment to our shareholders, many of whom are themselves among the worst sufferers from rising prices. Within the limits set by our earning capacity in competition with our rivals we have been able to give both to the active and to the retired staff some relief against successive increases in the cost of living. But our overriding duty is and must always be to maintain the strength and the stability of our great organisation.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

A YEAR OF EXPANSION

LORD ALDENHAM'S REVIEW.

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on 16th February at the Head Office, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C. In the course of his statement, which has been circulated to shareholders with the Report and Accounts, the Chairman, Lord Aldenham, said:—

I want to thank Shareholders and Stockholders for the support which they gave to the proposals last July for alterations in our Capital structure. It is clearly desirable that the way should be made open for a gradual strengthening of our Published Capital, and a simultaneous reduction in the amount of the uncalled liability on our shares; and this has now been begun. The plan involved some alteration in the respective rights of Shareholders and Stockholders, and the fact that over 99½ per cent of the votes cast by both classes were in favour of our proposals seemed to show that we had held the balance true.

The figures before you in the Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet will themselves indicate to you that our business continues its upward trend.

During the year we have opened 28 new banking offices. One result of this further increase of representation, coupled with a growing volume of business generally, has been that our Staff numbers have shown a modest increase.

PROFIT AND DIVIDEND

Our net profit shows an expansion of £148,461 compared with the previous year. This has enabled us to declare the final dividend of 2s. per share on our £4 shares, which, as a result of our Capital reorganisation, are now £1 5s. paid. The increase in our dividend has taken nearly £78,000 of our additional profits, and bearing in mind the way in which British Government securities can so suddenly depreciate in value, we have deemed it advisable to make substantial allocations to our Published and Inner Reserves.

The total of Current, Deposit and Other Accounts has grown by over £60 million during 1954 and at the figure of £907.9 million constitutes a record for our Bank.

Advances have risen by £47 million; in a period of greater industrial activity and production this was to be expected.

PROGRESS TOWARDS PEACE

In considering the events of the year 1954, the first thought in all our minds must of course be, What progress has been made towards achieving a lasting peace? We may well feel that a great step forward has been taken in the creation of a stronger and more united Western Europe; but it is difficult to believe that the Communist nations have yet come nearer to the idea of peaceful co-existence.

At home, our farmers will long remember 1954 as one of the worst years that they have had to endure.

Industrially it has been a year of good progress. The total of industrial production has again risen notably, and it is evident that we have all begun to accept again what was lately an old-fashioned idea—that in order to enjoy we must produce.

Two years of increased production have shown us that we can thereby export more, invest more, and spend more on ourselves; though as a result of the removal of most of the restrictions on hire-purchase finance, some part of the extra goods bought in 1954 will have to be paid for out of future income.

WAGES AND SAVINGS

Wage rates have increased by some 3 or 4 per cent on the average, and rather longer hours have been worked. But it should be possible in some industries at least to search again for methods which would enable the wage earner to produce as much in shorter hours as he does at present and yet draw the same wage-packet. Dividends have also increased, and most certainly the man who saves to provide the tools of industry or the housing of the nation is worthy of his hire.

There has been a good increase in small savings, and the total of personal savings of all kinds again increased during 1954. During the year also the index of retail prices remained relatively stable. These two facts must surely be interrelated. It is certain that people are more inclined to save when it looks as if savings will retain their purchasing-power. There are some people who think we ought to reconcile ourselves to a permanent condition of gradually rising prices. What this seems to me to amount to is that wage earners and profit earners would constantly be increasing their slice of cake at the expense of pensioners, of other persons with fixed incomes, and of future savers. A rise in Bank Rate would seem to me much less undesirable than inflation.

We cannot rely on much further increase in the number of workers, and there is clearly a need to improve machinery and technique to enable the same labour force to produce more goods. It is therefore most cheering to read not only of the vast new development projects of the motor industry, but also of the increase in the number of applications for location permits for new factories.

Increased industrial investment will need new savings, and it is greatly to be hoped that the next Budget may give more encouragement to those companies and individuals who do make the effort to save.

In spite of the abolition of many wartime controls, it is not possible to record any great drop in the number engaged in National and Local Government service. With productive industry clamouring for more men and women it is to be hoped that a check will be put on recruitment for Government and Local Government services.

Industrial disputes have unfortunately wasted even more of the nation's working time than in 1953. When a dispute interrupts the flow of exports, as any important stoppage nearly always does, the dislocation of trade may last for several months, and if our overseas competitors take the opportunity to step in, some of the damage may be permanent.

The mounting figures of capital investment in the coal industry, together with the assurances of increased output which the National Coal Board and the miners' leaders gave in January, 1954, led the nation to hope for a substantial increase in coal production, a hope that has not been fulfilled. We are still obliged to import coal from America—a most regrettable position.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Taking the year 1954 as a whole we fared well in our external affairs. In the first half of the year we had a surplus on our current transactions with other countries amounting to £154 million, not counting defence aid, and we should show a substantial surplus for the full year. A surplus would not be a great cause for satisfaction if it had been obtained by a serious running-down of stocks of goods, or if it were the result of a lucky and temporary fall in the prices of our imports compared with those of our exports; but neither of these things happened in 1954.

The gold and dollar reserve, which stood at just below £900 million at the end of 1953, had increased to £986 million by the end of 1954; and this was after making three big gold payments during the year.

The hope of convertibility of the pound sterling received a setback during 1954 when the United States Government decided to defer consideration of the recommendations of the Randall Commission for some liberalisation of trade; but the President's recent message to Congress makes it probable that the question will be reconsidered at an early date.

PROSPECTS FOR 1955

In considering our prospects for 1955, we should be unwise to ignore some warning signs. Whilst the upturn of business activity in the United States offers the hope of a re-expansion of our trade with North America, we cannot feel the same confidence about our trade with some sterling countries. Some of our best customers—Australia, India and New Zealand—are showing signs of anxiety at the present trend of their overseas payments and may wish to curtail their imports during the coming year. Our exporters are doubtless taking note of this position and know that they may have to redouble their efforts to expand trade in other directions.

If, then, we can look back at our progress in 1954 with a feeling of considerable satisfaction, we ought to recall that it is not long since the economic situation of our country was rightly described as precarious. It would be less than honest to suggest that we can yet afford to forget that word.

Publicity, the Greatest Goods for the Greatest Number, noble dividends, soaring shares, "this Temple of the Pound and the Dollar," and so on and so on. Leo Spero's "In the first Lustre of Jacob this Temple of Mindless Victory, dedicated to the Tenth Muse . . ." was easily the best of this bunch. But alas, he failed to keep it up.

Jim Parrott did a neat but anachronistic Elizabethan inscription, dedicating the new building to Sir Winston Churchill; D. W. Barker began well but came unstuck with an adventitious piece of Babu in his last sentence. Thomas Sadler submitted an entirely suitable and decorous inscription in which I was unable to trace any vein of satirical intention whatever. After some thought, I have decided to award three guineas to William Newton, who managed to produce almost exactly the formula that was required, and half a guinea each to the other three entries quoted. A guinea and a half will be carried over to a more propitious occasion.

This half-way house is dedicated to God and Mammon by the members of the Independent Television Authority, Sir Kenneth Clark having been prudently chosen as Chairman. May it come to pass that by their watchful labours the people's eyes shall be preserved from whatsoever things are corrupt, in bad taste, too American, religious or political, and yet, knowing what they like, enjoy the standard of entertainment they deserve.

WILLIAM NEWTON

In memory of the first small beginnings of the theatre in the freedom of Ancient Greece, this Theatre of the Arts of Man, playing to audiences vast beyond belief, is dedicated by the Governors of the Independent Television Authority, Sir Kenneth Clark being Chairman, A.D. MCMLV. It is their confident hope that liberal patronage will enable all mankind's achievements, grave and gay, to be mirrored fearlessly in the homes of the nation; and that goodness, beauty and truth will issue undistorted from the wise union of wealth and science. *The people that in darkness sat a glorious light have seen.*

J. P. STEVENSON

This Colosseum, or alternatively Coliseum, is dedicated by the Independent Television Authority of Britain to the presentation of Superior Entertainment for the Intelligent Mind, suitably sweetened by the uses of Advertisement, thereby to enable the Body also appropriately to be cared for by the discriminating Viewer and Listener. It is the fervent hope of the Authority that any shortcomings that may appear in the ostensible Entertainment provided will be compensated for by the purity of language, dignity, self-sacrifice and material advantages offered by the Sponsors, whose public-spirited support will always be gratefully acknowledged by the Authority.

W. H. VICTORY

MOST OF THE PEOPLE MOST OF THE TIME

This building, erected A.D. 1955, is dedicated to the visual artifices. We who work herein, must dazzle the eye, charm the ear, whet the appetite, stimulate the thirst, and dull the perceptions.

Everyman watcheth us, therefore enter not into controversy, for our masters be among them.

D. MACGREGOR

CHESS

No. 278 Budding British Grandmasters?

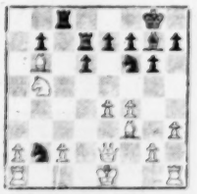
Of many pleasing aspects of Hastings one of the most pleasing was the sight of the small boys eagerly waiting for the next move on "their" grandmaster's board and then dashing to serve the wall-board next door. When Unzicker told me that he was just such a "wallboard boy" at the Munich Chess Olympics of 1936 I was wondering if some time in the nineteen-seventies a British grandmaster would blossom forth from the ranks of those Hastings Grammar-School boys. R. C. Griffith told me that they get much encouragement from Dr. Cliff and others, and that even some modest funds are available for tournaments, matches and coaching. Most commendable, to be sure. But I wonder if such private enterprise is good enough if we really want some grandmasters. I would welcome readers' opinions on whether or not we should clamour for the authorities to fork out, say, one tithe of what is officially being spent on Chess in one of the smaller East-European countries. Anyway, to see Griffith was not the least of the pleasures provided for me by my annual brief visit to Hastings. To prove that, at 82, he has lost none of his youthful vigour here is a game he won at the Hastings Club the other day.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) P x P	P x P
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(10) B-QKt5	P-B3
(3) B-B4	B-B4	(11) R-Q1	Q-B2
(4) P-QKt4	B x P.	(12) Q-Q5!	B-K3
(5) P-B3	B-R4	(13) B x Kt ch	K-B1
(6) P-Q4	P-Q3	(14) B-R3 ch	Kt-K2
(7) Q-Kt3	Q-Q2	(15) Q-Q8 ch!	R x Q
(8) O-O	B-Kt3	(16) R x R ch	

Black soon resigned. Griffith told me, incidentally, that in the first Hastings Tournament in 1895 he happened to be steward at the very board where Steinitz won his immortal brilliancy against Bardeleben. There were no lady competitors then, but there were quite a few this time, such as Mrs. Bruce who brought off this pretty combination.

(18)	R-B5!
(19) Kt-Q4	Kt x P!!
(20) Kt x Q	B-B6 ch
(21) K-B1	Kt-Kt6 ch
(22) K-B2	Kt x Q
(23) B x Kt	P x Kt
(24) B x R	Kt x B
(25) QR-QKt1	Kt x B

and White resigned because the piece can only be retaken at the cost of the R.



A: V. Smyslov 1955

The 4-pointer is a Hastings position in which Black blundered by (1) . . . Kt-B3. Why was he forced to resign in a few moves? **B**—White to win—is an amusing trifle kindly donated to us by its author. It should be a bargain at 6 points if I reminded competitors of the rules pertaining to R-odds games. **C** (for 7 points) is a 4-mover by one of the most famous contemporary problemists, a brother of the grandmaster who competed at Hastings.

B: V. Smyslov 1955

C: V. Pachman 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by February 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 275 Set January 8

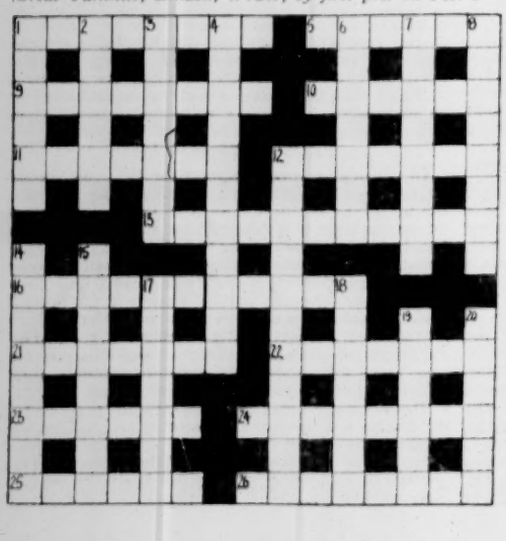
A: (1) R-K5! etc.
B: (1) Kt-B4, B-Kt4, (2) K-Kt6!, B-K6 ch, (3) K-R6, B-Kt8, (4) P-K4, B x P, (5) Kt-Kt6 ch, etc.
(2) K-R6? would be refuted by B-K6!
C: (1) K-Kt4, K-B2, (2) K-B5, K-Kt2, (3) P-B6, K-R7, (4) K-Kt4, K-Kt2, (5) K-B3, K-B2, (6) K-K4, K-K2, (7) K-Q5, K-B2, (8) K-B4!, K-K2, (9) K-B5, K-Q1, (10) K-Kt5, K-B1, (11) K-R5!, K-Kt1, (12) K-R6, K-R8, (13) K-Kt5, K-Kt1, (14) K-B5, K-B1, (15) K-Q5, K-Q1, (16) K-K6, etc.
if (13) . . . K-R2, (14) K-B5, K-R3, (15) K-Q5, K-Kt3, (16) K-K6, K x P, (17) K x P, K-Q2, (18) K-Kt7, etc.

Not an easy lot, with **B** quite as stiff a hurdle as **C**. Even so, quite a few correct solutions. Prizes shared by: E. W. Carmichael, J. C. Cock, G. S. Fisher, J. M. Reid, R. Russel, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 137

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 137, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 8



ACROSS

1. Congratulations for an archbishop in the fighting areas (8).
5. The pain makes me dismal (6).
9. One way of starting life, but there is no money in it (8).
10. Homer forms half of this collection of literature (6).
11. Composer whose variations are not in time (7).
12. A cover for the finger will help prevent him bleeding (7).
13. Unsteady legs for use in the kitchen (11).
16. Not a foot-measure evidently, but it works in practice (4, 2, 5).
21. Praises god (7).
22. Vitamin present in the Labour Party (7).
23. One who proscribes a standard (6).
24. A stayer, his turn comes in more attractive surroundings (8).
25. Evaluating a hand (6).
26. With a job to do inside and unable to move (8).

DOWN

1. Put Eric in and the state becomes a god over two continents (6).
2. A king and dynasty preparing for war (6).
3. A heavenly body follows the sailor (7).
4. This illness makes me sit up under a heavy weight on a hard bed (11).
6. The sculptor is within gradually wearing away the stone perhaps (7).
7. A state without an inn would be an object of historical interest (8).
8. The fool is in the river, but she can supply remedial treatment (8).
12. Wholesome puritan (11).
14. Two decorations to be seen on the football field (8).
15. It is played and I score in the second half (8).
17. Hear no piano medley of a talented musician (7).
18. Deformity in an unforeseeable mishap (7).
19. Stage beau or bowman (6).
20. Drones perhaps showed signs of laziness (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 135

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 135

D. McLaren (London, W.C.1), T. N. Riley (Ambleside), H. M. Jenkins (Cardiff)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS month's Penguins—Death Among the Sunbathers, E. R. Punshon; London Particular—Christianna Brand; When the Wind Blows—Cyril Hare; "New Statesman" X-word Puzzle Book (2s. each); Herself Surprised—Joyce Cary; Man Eaters of Kumaon (2s. 6d. each); Pelicans: William Blake; Jim Corbett, Jacaranda Tree—H. E. Bates; The Man Without a Mask—J. Bronowski; Man On His Nature—Sir Charles Sherrington; Electricity—Eric de Ville; Microbes and Us—Hugh Nicol (2s. 6d. each); Classics: Short History of the English Church—Bede (3s. 6d.); Balzac: Eugenie Grandet (2s.); Reference Book: Dictionary of Geology—G. W. Himus (2s.); Puffin Book—Wanderings of Mumfie—Katherine Tozer (2s.). Full list of titles from Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middx. American readers please write 3,300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore, 11, Maryland.

"NEHRU and Indian Communism." Statement by Ajoy Ghosh, General Secretary, Indian Communist Party, February "Labour Monthly" out this weekend. 1s. 6d. all agents. Postal subs. 9s. half-year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

WORKING Conditions in Soviet Theatres. All-Russian Theatrical Society replies to S.C.R. Questionnaire. Also Zakharov on "Urgent Needs of Soviet Ballet"; "National Studios"; "New Plays & Productions." S.C.R. Theatre Section Bulletin, Vol. II, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

CULTURAL Questions in U.S.S.R. Alexandrov (Minister of Culture), Yakovlev (V.O.K.S. Vice-President), Shmarinov & Kamensky (artists), Kuliev (orientalist). Also D. N. Pritt, Q.C., on "Prisons" in U.S.S.R." and Krutkin on "Planning Local Agriculture." Book reviews, etc. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. XV, No. 4. 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. or bookshops.

ANATOMY of the Tory Party. China Starts Her Plan, Profits Boom, etc. See Labour Research, 10½d. p.f. 2 Soho Sq. W.1.

"ORGONOMIC Functionalism" 7th issue. Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottm. A basis for integr. of science & reality.

ISRAEL'S art is presented in reproductions of works by 16 Israeli painters and sculptors, in the Winter Issue of The Jewish Quarterly. 2s. 6d. From Jewish Literary Publns., 59-61 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

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WEEKLY Hansards, July, 1948-August, 1951 (102 vols., 4 missing) cost £9 16s., now going for £6 or offer. Box 3901.

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MAIL Service, new & second-hand. Recent catalogue free. Send your wants list. Stanley Botes, 66 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 3208.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a, Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

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CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & Mountains; vegetarians welc.; 5gns. wkly. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

ROOMS of distinction and comfort? Home-cooked and local dishes? Modern central heating? Sea, cliffs, beautiful village? Then try Old Norton House, Rottingdean, Brighton. Fr. 7gns. T. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

BUDE, Cornwall. Spend a carefree holiday in the friendly atmosphere of the Hawarden Hotel, which adjoins surfing and bathing beach. Tel. 147.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses, The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

SNOWDONIA. Stay at Noddfa Cottage, Beddgelert, for homely holidays. Mrs. Orkney-Work.

IF you have been ill try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air, and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WINTER warmth for convalescence, rest or holiday. Small quiet hotel for friendly people in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy Normandhurst, Rec. by rdrs. 44-7gns. (inexpensive twin-bedded rms.); incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. everywhere). Winter terms apply till end May. Slumberlands. Convalescents welcome; breakfast in bed (nominal charge). Vegetarian if desired. Illus. brochures. Normandhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. prom. Sun Lounge orchestra. No fogs. Tel.: Hastings 4784.

THE Wharf Hotel, Horam, Sussex, will reopen end March. Book now for spring holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort & good food assured.

FRENCH Riviera: Sevigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin, 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o'looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Rademme.

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MAJORCA. Alfresco holiday inn. Sun, sea, mountains. Outstandingly good food. 5/7gns. incl. wine and service. Illus. brochure PAD. 0416 for interview London.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CAFE Moratt. Open every day 10 a.m. till midnight. Lunches, afternoon teas, dinners. Evenings in the restaurant by candlelight. Robert Eisinger at the piano from 7.30 till midnight. Speciality Austrian wines. 80 Piccadilly. GRO. 4785/3940.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18-30). Single divan-rooms. International. Write Sec., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

WESTMINSTER, bed-sit. room in pleasant private house, cooking facils., cleaning, linen, suit gentleman. 55s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

FEMALE graduate, 20-40, wanted to share flat with two others. Own bed-sit. 57s. 6d. London, W.11. Tel. Park. 2203.

BUSINESS woman wishes to share her flat. Cent. htg., H. & C.W., 'phone. Swiss Cottage. Write Box 3949.

BAYSWATER. Prof. wmn. offers lge. well-furn. sgle. rm. Share gd. facs. Box 3917.

2 large furn. rooms & new kitchenette vacant 5gns. weekly 16 Gerrard Road, Harrow. WOR. 6247.

REALLY well-furn. room in mod. flat (block). C.H.W., ch. use kit., bath. 50s. incl. Shoot-up Hill, N.W.2. GLA. 5164.

HIGHGATE. 3 mins. Tube. Sun. lux. divan-room, fitted carpet, new contemp. furn. Concealed elec. ckr. in rm. Use kit., bath., gdn., tel. Suit lady. 57s. MOU. 9600.

BACH. offers anot. share s.c. flat Lancaster Gate. Bth., ph., din. kit. Reas. Box 3508.

DIVAN-rooms (2) & kit. Mod. rent Church Lane, Hornsey. MOU. 5418.

S.C. furnished flat, Upper Soho, W.1. Large room, kitchen, bathroom. Minimum six months. Box 4038.

KEW, 25 mins. West End, in quiet St. nr. Bot. Gdns. & River, entire gnd. flr. offered 2 tenants. 2 furn. div.-rms., bkfst.-rm., kit., W.C. Sep. gas meters. Share bath & phone. PROspect 1389 evgs./wkends.

SUNNY comf. divan-bed sit., bkfast. 2gns. Other meals optional. Mod. quiet house 25 mins. West End. GLA. 7297.

SUNNY large B/S. rm., comfy. furn. for sgle. lady, to let in quiet flat Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3 (nr. Tube). Use kit. & bth. 45s. p.w. PRI. 7595 aft. 6.30 p.m.

FOREIGNER, Englishman, 27/30, offered share s/c Hamp. flat. 2gns. Box 3967.

LARGE bright quiet room (sgle.). Suit writer. £2 15s. PRI. 1043.

LARGE sunny B/S. own el. ckr. & gas fire. 35s. Putney Common. PUT. 0260.

ONE single and one double bed-sit. rm. (basin) with partial board in comf. guest house. Excel. Continental ckg., mod. terms. 2 mins. Tube & buses. WIL. 5518.

BROMLEY. Pleasant comfortable bedsitting room. H. & C., gas fire & ring. Detached house, attractive garden. Tel. Near Bickley Station. Under 30 mins. to Victoria and Charing Cross. 2gns. single, 2½gns. double. Meals as required. Box 3858.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LOVELY sgle. bed-sit. rm., chg. face., 35s. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beaut. divan rms., 2gns. sgle., £3 dble. Tube bus. FUD. 8207.

NEW Forest, between Brockenhurst & Lymington, overlooking common, small farm s.c. flat to let June to September inclusive. Bedroom, living-room, kitchen, bathroom, and cots. Small bedsit-off garden (part larger garden). Rent 4gns. wk. incl. light, linen. Ideal naturalists, authors, teachers, students. Box 3907.

WARM, cont. Surrey country house, 10 miles London, room & kitchenette or pte. bathroom. Suit overseas visitor. Cid. rail serv.; on bus route. Now until end March. Tel. Limpsfield Chart 2145.

COTTAGE, furn., to let, quiet, mod. conv., garage, writer's paradise. Also furn. rooms farmhouse with kitchenette. Flattenden Farm, Wadhurst, Sussex. Tel. 330.

ARCHITECT needs s.c. living and studio space. Minimum furn., will decorate. Cent. Lond. Bayswater Kens., &c. Box 3747.

PROF. woman wants pref. Chelsea-Kensington, 2 unfurn. rms., kit. & or use bath. Willing occas. baby-sit. Write 54 Oakley Gdns., or evgs. weekends. FLA. 7014.

AUSTRALIAN Professor with family of 4 seeks s.c. flat London, 6 weeks, starting March 16. Reasonable rent. Write, Jackson, 10 rue Theodore de Banville, Lozère, S.-et-O., France.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential; will share bathrooms. No agents letting fees. FRE. 9748.

WANTED. Large independent London flat furnished or unfurnished. May onwards. Please write air-mail, Jones Court, U.N.I.C.E.F., Block 57, Secretariat, Karachi, Pakistan.

REQD. by prof. woman & mother S.C. flat, 2 rms., k., b. Lond. area. Box 3868.

NEW Zealand music stud. reqs. furn./p.-furn. B/S with facs. for practising. Cent. pref. Suggestions? Box 3869.

YOUNG librarian, bachelor, requires unfurnished flat or rooms north or east side of London. Box 3987.

ACTOR and wife with own furniture and no children would share rent and living expenses with quiet people anywhere in the ten mile radius. Box 3989.

REQD. gent flr. rm. N.W. Lon. area for partially-disabled lady. No nursing. 1 gd. meal d/y., friendly surroundings. Box 4009.

LARGE room wanted pref. unfur. Prep. box F. & F. Very good natural light essent. Box 4015. WEL. 8421 betw. 9-10 a.m.

SERIOUS Medical Student reqs. acc. with use piano. Any arrangement. Box 3994.

DESPERATELY needed: unfur. flat/house/cottage, S.W. London outwards 20 miles. Young scientist & wife. Refs. Box 3917.

PROFESSIONAL couple seek unfurnished accom. South London, 5 or more rooms. Excellent references. Box 3942.

FRENCHMAN, English wife (willing baby-sit, type, etc.) seeks reasonable furn./unf. accom. where baby after May not objected to. Conv. S. Kensington. Box 2887.

GIRL student shs. acc. London. Adaptable, would help. Rickmansworth 4079.

BLOOMSBURY. Wanted, flat-house one (4) unfur., reas. fittings purchased. Advertisers away every week-end. Box 3886.

WANTED, S.C. flat, house, S./S.W. coast, 2 wks. June/July. Box 3909.

WRITER seeks cottage or house, Cornish coast, for August. Mod. cons. welcome but not necessary. Reasonable. Box 3809.

SCHOOLS

RECOGNISED Preparatory School. Boys to 8, girls to 12. Also holiday home for children up to 16. Prospectus from Principal, Colwyn School, Bristol, 9.

SMALL class for backward children; encouraging atmosphere. Caroline Flynn, B.A., Mont. Dip., 12 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3.

GORDONSTOUN School. Entrance Scholarships. A number of Scholarships (up to £250 p.a.) are offered for award in 1955 by the Gordonstoun Society. One of these is reserved for candidates who wish to enter the Royal Navy. Age limits 12 to 14 on March 1. The written examination to be taken at the candidate's school will be on March 1, 2 and 3. Candidates who qualify will be summoned for interview at Gordonstoun on March 26, 1955. Details on application to the Headmaster, Gordonstoun, Elgin, Morayshire. Final date of application February 14, 1955.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the Sir William Mather Chair of Russian, which will become vacant upon the retirement of Professor Samuel Dobrin on September 30, 1955. Salary not less than £1,900 per annum (subject to the approval of the Revised Scales for University Salaries). Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications (one copy only) should be sent not later than March 1, 1955, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology, the salary on appointment to be according to qualifications and experience; the salary scales are at present under review. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than February 26, 1955.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Appointment of County Lecturer of Needlecraft Subjects. Applications are invited from persons with appropriate qualifications and experience for the full-time appointment of County Lecturer in Needlecraft Subjects. The person appointed will be required to conduct classes and courses for needlecraft teachers in primary and secondary schools, and in establishments for further education, and to assist in the supervision of such work. The lecturer's work will also include lectures to women's organisations throughout the county. Salary will be in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scales for Assistants in Establishments for Further Education. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom they should be returned by February 5. V. Clark, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Applications are invited for appointment as Peripatetic Teacher of Stringed Instruments in the Withernsea, South Holderness and Haltemprice areas. The person appointed will be expected to help generally with the development of music in the area. Burnham Scale of Salaries plus an additional payment of £75 for a man or £60 for a woman, with travelling and subsistence expenses in accordance with the County Council's scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned to whom they should be returned by February 5. V. Clark, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

B.B.C. requires News Assistants in Birmingham and Manchester. Duties involve primarily collection and writing of news stories for Television News and Newsreel, but also include sharing in production of Sound News and topicality programmes including rehearsal and production of News broadcasts in Studio and taking part in all work of News Department. Candidates must have professional reporting experience and ability to spot visual stories, brief cameramen, and write factual reports of filmed events for use of News and Newsreel scriptwriters. Experience in techniques of Television and Sound news reporting an advantage. Knowledge of region concerned and understanding of its people important. Candidates must clearly indicate which post is applied for. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "662 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant at Belfast with primary responsibility for arrangement and provision of Northern Ireland stories for Television News and Newsreel. Some journalistic experience essential and knowledge of Northern Ireland and interest in filming an advantage. The successful candidate will have to provide written material to accompany film and will also, when not employed on Television coverage, assist in preparation of Sound news bulletins and topical talks. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "669 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS invited from experienced Welfare Workers for posts in Worksitg Girls' Hostels: (1) Superintendent, Norwich (12 girls). (2) Matron to assist Superintendent, Ilford, Essex (8 girls). Apply in writing to Miss Dyson, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TATE Gallery. Assistant Keeper Grade II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Duties include assisting the senior staff with the technical examination of works of art and the keeping of technical records, classification of the collection, supervision of photography, the establishment and recording of copyright. Age at least 22 and under 26 on January 1, 1955, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces' service or for established civil service. For exceptionally well qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must normally have a university degree with First or Second-Class Honours, but a candidate without this qualification may be considered if exceptionally well qualified by training or experience. Some knowledge of the history, theory and practice of the visual arts and also of one or two modern European languages is essential. Experience of working in a national collection an advantage. Inclusive salary scales £492-£710 (men), £492-£605 (women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service with H.M. Forces. Promotion may normally be expected within seven years to the post of Assistant Keeper (First Class), with inclusive scales of £925-£1,465 (men), £795-£1,295 (women). Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4417/55; completed application forms must reach him by February 17, 1955.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £225-£250 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Children's Visitor (Male). Grade APT. 1. £500×£20—£580. Applicant must have had experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life. A degree, a diploma in Social Science or simpler qualification is desirable. Superannuable post, subject to medical examination; N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates), testimonials, and the name and address of two referees, should be sent to the Children's Officer, 155, Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1, by February 7. John Heys, Town Clerk.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker in sole charge (with not less than two years' experience since qualification) required to have charge of a section of the work dealing with the provision of domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness. Whitley Council salary for persons with recognised mental health certificate: £500-£640, plus London weighting. Particulars and application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Last day for applications: February 5. (48)

OXFORD Warden required residential centre opening April, accommodating about 14 English & Foreign girls. Should be energetic, adaptable, with sense of humour & understanding young people. Good cooking & knowledge of catering essential. Domestic Science diploma an advantage. (Might suit two sisters or friends willing to share bed-sitter.) Help for rough. Salary £700 per annum (£300 if two sharing). Please apply stating age, qualifications, experience & references to The Principal, Oxford English Centre, 141 Banbury Road, Oxford.

Y.M.C.A. Vacancies—Men between 21 and 30 as Assistant secretaries and as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s 112 Gt. Russell St. London, W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Worker required by Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement. Duties include running afternoon Play Centre for approximately 100 children and neighbourhood work. Experience of group activity and case work desirable. Resident preferred. Applications to Deputy Wardens, 33 Berner Street, E.1.

EXPERIENCED social worker as part-time organising secretary for Hampstead Old People's Welfare Association. Write: 107 Kingsgate Road, N.W.6.

QUALIFIED nurse required as sister for attractive, modern, residential babies' home in North London; 27 children aged 0-5. Write, stating age, qualifications, to "W.1," 127 Middlesex St., E.1.

ACCOUNTANT/book-keeper (25-35) rqd. by Company in West London. Apply stating age, exper. & salary rqd. Box 4981.

ARE You Interested in People? Are you a woman between the ages of 25 and 45 . . . able to spare 1-3 days a week to interview housewives? Are you willing to be trained to be a competent well-paid market researcher? You are? Then write to "Market Research," Box 3740, for a personal interview.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISER (Lady) for Women's Zionist Movement. Head Office London. Experienced in fund-raising and able to address women's meetings London-Provinces. Permanent and remunerative position for capable person. Replies treated in strictest confidence. Apply "Chairman," Box 3997.

CREATIVE Ideas for Club and Community work looked for in worker (woman), aged 25 or more, in overcrowded area. Plenty of scope. Residential post. Club Leader's Social Science qualifications advisable. Vacant end of April or September. Further particulars from U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire Street, Peckham, S.E.15.

FIRM of Importers requires young man with completed National Service for office. Good chances to complete education and promotion. Ambitious gentleman only required, prepared to do intensive work. Box 3921.

ASSISTANT to Works Manager of Progressive Light Engineering Firm, North London. Full training given to boy or young man. Qualifications: Intelligence, initiative, energy, interest in Mass Production and Works Administration. Apply Box 3920.

PERSONAL Secretary reqd. for General Secretary of professional organisation. Must have had experience in a similar position and be a competent shorthand-typist. Applicants, pref. single, will be considered up to 40 years of age. Superannuation Scheme; 5-day week. Salary within range of £506-£599 p.a. Apply E.P.E.A., 102, St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

A NATIONAL Trade Union require for their Croydon Office a male shorthand typist with administrative experience. Good prospects and salary with superannuation. Apply stating age, qualifications and experience to Box 3957.

WANTED for special Library (architecture) willing junior. Remuneration small, but conditions pleasant and experience useful. Write to Box 3754.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required in the Press and Publicity Department of the Labour Party. Membership of the Labour Party essential. Apply The Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

AUTHOR, many irons in fire, wants interested shorthand-secretary, irregularly, set times later; or paragon who cooks occasionally. Regent's Park. Box 4977.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand-Typists wanted for temporary work 10-5. No Sats. Duttons Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

DOMESTIC Help wanted for two elderly ladies to live in as one of family. 32 Woodside Ave., Beaconsfield, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GERMAN/English translator, correspondent, shorth.-typing both languages, exper. publishing, engineering and insurance; only responsible position wanted. Box 3180.

BACHELOR, 31, some years Priv. Secy. well-known public figure, now engaged technical writing, committees, offers services evgs., week-ends London. Used verbatim shorthand, drafting, editing, etc. Box 3805.

ECONOMIST, Israeli citizen, 30, seeks assignment in London justifying grant of labour permit; specific post should require foreign expert with knowledge of Israel and languages, university education, commercial and administrative experience, drive and intelligence. Best references. Box 3704.

SCOTTISH socialist, agnostic, B.Sc. (very ordinary), teacher, ex-officer, competent speaker, organising ability, age 28, single, well travelled, seeks interesting job, home or abroad. Available Sept., 1955. Box 3623.

EX-PUBLIC Schoolboy, State Scholarship French/German, literary experience, sks. temporary linguistic and/or journalistic job prior to going up to Cambridge. Freeman, 11 Hillcrest Gardens, N.3. FIN. 1990.

MAN stud., Inst. of Historical Research, sks. pt./time wk., coaching children/adults, Arts subjects, or any work whatsoever. Camb. M.A., London LL.B., Oxford Diploma. Will drive van/car. Box 3870.

LADY, nearing young retirement, seeks work/supplement pension. Expert secretary. Wide interests. Box 3864.

YOUNG woman seeks worthwhile post based London. Fluent French, good knowledge Spanish and German. English/French shorthand, typing. Box 3985.

EDUCATED lady, 24, experienced secretary, driving licence, seeks congenial position with opportunity to travel. Fond country, children, animals. Box 3955.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. Phone ARChway 1765.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

CAPABLE lady, 40 fluent French, German, Italian and some Dutch and Spanish, seeks interesting part-time work. Expd. Private Secretary, typing, Personnel Management & knige. music. Box 3716.

LADY requires part-time work; escort, shopping-guide, secretarial, kindergarten teaching. Box 3736.

ENERGETIC young lady, B.A., accustomed responsibility, wide secretarial experience partic. newspaper, sks. interesting post. Good appearance, refs. TUD. 8657.

LADY artist, Art School Diploma with distinction, L.S.I.A., aged 30, seeks part-time art post, coaching, teaching, or other congenial work. Will drive car. Box 3871.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£300 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£300 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubbe: Studentship (£300 for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need—for one year). In any subject in Faculty of Science: (e) William Gilles Research Fellowship (£300 for one year); In English: (f) Mary Ann Britt Studentship (£100* for one year); For Literary Studies: (g) Frida Mond Studentship (£150* p.a. for two years). *The University of Education may supplement at their normal rates. Applicants for (a), (b), (c), (e) and (f) must be Graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28, and for (g) they must be Internal Arts Graduates of preferably not more than two years' standing. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.1, to whom completed applications should be returned by March 1, 1955.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range £700—£1,100 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,150—£1,500 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by March 1, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enqs. regarding scope of the Fellowships.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FEW yards Notting Hill Tube Station. Non-basement Cottage with Garage. Sc. compact and convenient. Good Lounge (bow windows and parquet floor), 3 Bedrooms. Splendid modern fitted Kitchen and Bathroom. Just restored in pleasing style to absolutely first-class condition and selectively redecorated. Price £5,950. Freehold. Box 3972.

CENTRALLY heated Cottage, 4 rooms, k. & b. No gdn. 40 mins. L'pool St. For sale £1,300. Waltham X 5253.

FOR Sale: £3,500; Milltown, farmhouse Fingay valley, 4 bed., 2 recep., 2 bath., Agt., 12 acres. Box 3867.

DEAL. Charming period cottage, few yards sea-front. Porch, hall, 2 rec., panelled walls, 4 bedrms., bathrm. (h. & c.), kit. (h. & c., immersion heater), airing cupboard, small walled gdn., side entr., all main servs., £2,250 freehold. Fullest partics., Sole Agents, Bright & Bright, 29 Victoria Rd., Deal. Tel. Deal 71.

CARBIS Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall. Constructed house, two studios with living accommodation. Suitable for Private Artists or Art School. Apply Rushbrooke, Croft, Carbis Bay.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale. Current edition "Encyclopædia Britannica," perfect condition, seen London, £50; "N.S. & N." from June, 1946; "Economist" from November, 1948; "New Yorkers," 1955; 2 men's ski pants, black, 36/in waist, 30in leg, £3 each; ladies' emerald Parka Swiss-style, 38in/40in, £4; child's ski-suit £3, 2 pairs ski-socks 5s. pair (5/6 worth). Olympia typewriter, 18in carriage, 1950, perfect condition, £15.

WANTED: "Betrayal of the Left"; Bonhoeffer; Rosenberg, Trotsky; "New Yorkers," 1954; French Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first 4 words, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 160

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

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ELOCUTION, Public Speaking, Speeches edited. Particulars Catherine Sichel, 16 Rosary Gardens, S.W.7 FRE. 3917.

ENTRANCE to Grammar Schools. Prepare your child by allocating to him one of our specialist tutors in Junior Teaching. Details: Mercer's Correspondence College, Reg. Office, Dept. SC, 69 Wimpole St., W.1.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

EASTER and Summer Drama Schools, Interval Club, London, W.1, and at Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Director: Marian Naylor. 8, 10 or 14 days. Fees 4½gns. Acting Technique, Improvisation, Make-up, Stage Movement, etc., with professional staff. Syllabuses: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SALZBURG International Holiday Courses with German Language Study; also Special Cultural Holiday Arrangements with visits to Salzburg Festival July 4-August 13. Details from Erna Low, 47 (S.C.) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

HOLIDAY & vacation plans can include a visit to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for new (Apr.-Sept.) programme.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad, 1955/56. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Persia, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1955/56. The closing dates for receipt of applications vary for each country, the earliest being March 7, 1955. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped addressed foolscap envelope should be sent, are obtainable from the British Council, 65 Davies St., London, W.1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

PERSONAL

PARIS fam. would receive yng. people wishing perfect their French. £7,500 p.w. Write Lamotte, 27bis rue Duret, Paris 16.

SCOTSMAN, 26, well-educated, wide interests, seeks companion (m.); similar age, for holiday in early summer, Germany/Riviera/Denmark. Exps. shared. Box 3632.

PERSONAL—continued

BLOOMSBURY publisher wants assistant one day a week (30s.) for Advt. Manager. Wanted at once. Young married woman W.C.1 might find it useful. Box 4037.

WRITER wanting temporary home (anywhere) would caretake or cook morning & evening meals (first-rate cook). Suggestions welcome. Box 3710.

UNDERSTANDING, tolerant humour required in foster mother for boy 12 having psychotherapy in London. Long-term private placement. Box 3767.

ELECTRICAL Eng. Student (m.) advanced seeks professional coaching. Few hours weekly afternoon/evenings. Box 3849.

WORK of social/human benefit, international; pref. rural setting, not wholly sedentary, 26 y.o. grad. sks. wk. with purpose and meaning. Welcomes advice. Box 3739.

SOUTH of France. To let in village between Nice and Grasse, furnished cottage, mod. comf. State dates. Box 3963.

MALAGA. Companion sought by sensible married woman (50) for 2/4 weeks holiday or she would join small party going to sunshine soon. Box 3943/Fairseat (Toll) 72.

INTELLIGENT woman, approaching 40, from South Africa with originally Continental background, seeks another, poss. with car, to tour Europe July/September. Share expenses. Interested in most things. Efficient driver. Please write H. R., P.O. Box 10698, Johannesburg, South Africa.

IF you are interested in art & willing to travel read on. Young man (30) plans work way across Continent on painting tour seeks companion (m.). Ideas/particulars to Box 3804.

HIGHLY recommended holiday accommodation in Dubrovnik. Stamped addressed envelope will bring details. Vince Man's Shop, 5, Newburgh Street, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, W.1.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive marks: advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S., Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

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FOREIGN medical student reqs. loan to finish his medical studies; reasonable repayment conditions. Refs. Box 4033.

HELP wanted housekeeping & children for University Lecturer's wife expecting third baby. Durham, April/August. Box 3966.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. 80 holidays in 18 countries inc. Wales, Portugal, Morocco, India, Israel, Bulgaria. Send stamp. 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

JOIN the "Avant Garde"—the "Wise Birds" of 1955 in Jersey for "Merrimay." A sunshine holiday in summer's morning, when accommodation is plentiful and most reasonably priced; and the peak season of travel rush has not begun. Write for details of Jersey's unique "Big Shield" System and the special rates for spring visitors. A. Joyoffer, Box 324, Tourism Information Centre, Jersey, C.I. Travel by British Railways or Fly by British European Airways. One Island—20 Resorts.

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CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Costa-Brava. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. N.S.4, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7165.

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DOUGLAS V. Morgan would send you free details about his work as a private astrologer, send stamped addressed envelope: Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

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PERSONAL—continued

BULGARIA and Roumania—two magnificent holidays. Sixteen-day Roumanian tour includes a stay in Bucharest and the Carpathian mountains, as well as excursions to Stalintown, Duftana fortress, a co-op. farm and visits to the opera, etc. Dance and relax with Roumanians on holidays. Aug. 13-28, £60. Or Sofia and 16 days of enchantment mixing with holidaymakers of many lands, relaxing on a sandy beach and dancing under the stars. Three nights in the capital and full programme included. Departures: July 30-Aug. 14 and Sept. 3-18, £55 12s. 6d. Details from Progressive Tours, Ltd., 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

THE Arts in the Age of Chaucer, Feb. 18, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon: a week-end of exploration and enjoyment.

ITALIAN conversation & tuition. Espdl. native teacher (m.). W.2. Box 3970.

QUIET independent room in Hampstead close Heath offered in exch. some light housework and baby-sitting. Box 3905.

BACHELOR, motor cyclist, wishes to join another (30-40) living country district, view running joint enterprise. Box 3896.

ITALY. Gentleman touring, May, Italian Railways cheaply, seeks another, 50-50, ideas, simple tastes. Box 3878.

NORWAY by air incl. charge £47. 1952 repeated. Attractive tour Oslo via mountains, fjords to Stavanger. Priv. party July 24. Vacs. married couples, men. Box 4000.

EASTER: Land's End with Cockaigne Club, details Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.5. PRI. 4068.

YOUNG man (32) would like help or advice about singing; has a good rich voice, but doubts if he can afford the necessary training; would be most grateful for any help offered. Box 3897.

CULTURAL and Social Club meeting Central London invites new members all ages. Discussions, play-reading, languages, theatre, music, rambles. Box 3788.

THE Progressive English Group, 108c, Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6, would be pleased to hear from hospitable English families in Hampstead willing to receive students from France, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland as paying guests. Please write or ring MAIda Vale 5244.

SCIENTIFIC Humanism. Speakers and literature from the Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2141.

GUITAR lessons, Technique Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

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ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BEFORE buying pictures always read Abbott's Lists of originals by best artists at lowest prices (£1-£10). Box 3846.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS in Britain and Abroad: our 1955 Booklet with a great variety of original and inexpensive party and individual arrangements, winter sports parties, house parties, country or seaside week-ends and social events, is now available. Write, call or 'phone for a free copy: Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

POTTERY part-time course under expert direction. Heatherleys School of Art, 13 Warwick Sq., Westminster, S.W.1. VIC. 0077.

MOROCCO, Algeria, Tunisia. Advice on travel and accommodation by the specialists, Back's Travel Service, 56 Coram Street, W.C.1. TER. 0535.

RELAX in the sun at the Holiday Villages of the Club Mediterranee of Paris. Capet, Corfu, Djerba, Elba, Palinuro, Tahiti. Underwater exploration and fishing, water ski-ing, French cooking, excursions. Full details from Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 75 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. FREmantle 8007.

WALKING Tours. Our new programme describes walking tours and mountain-centre holidays in the Alps, Pyrenees, Majorca, Lapland, Yugoslavia and other lands, as well as camping, sailing, climbing and unconventional sightseeing tours throughout Europe and N. Africa. Details from Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48 (B5), Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

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LASCAUX/Altamira. Nomad Tours, July Sept. 30gn. Film Feb. 15. s.a.e. Box 4069.

SUMMER Holidays, Switzerland & French Riviera, 14 days, 26-57gns. Llewelyn Redman, 33 Hightown Rd., Maidenhead.

YOUNG educ. foreign ladies willing help with children and light housewk. Pocket money. Available immediately for 3/6 months. Refs. exch. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 2973. "King Richard II", Shakespeare. Tue.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

EMBASSY PRI. 2211. 7.30, ex. M. Th. 2.30, S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River" Fri. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5, 8. The Rules of the Game. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Nightly ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

TIPPETT. "The Midsummer Marriage," intro. by Christopher West and 5 members of Covent Garden cast, Jan. 30, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Parties from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun. at 3. Reservations GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until Jan. 30: Les Parents Terribles (A). From Jan. 31: Les Enfants Terribles (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 29, Judy Garland in "The Harvey Girls" (A), 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Jan. 30, 7.30. "Kyriakatiko Xypnima" (U) Greece.

"ALEXANDER Nevsky." Eisenstein's brilliant drama. Original, complete film, Russian dialogue, English sub-titles. Full supporting programme. Presented by Ilford New Era Film Soc. VAL. 8406) at "Little Theatre," High Road, Ilford, 7.30 p.m., Sunday, January 30.

HOLIDAY enthusiasts are invited to a "Travel Film Show & Travel Forum," Feb. 1, 7-10 p.m., Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3, entrance free; also to an "Italian Festa" (Carnival Dance), Feb. 11, 8-midnight, De Vere Hotel, Kensington Rd., W.8. Tickets 8s. 6d. Tickets for both events from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

EDMUNDO Ros & His Orchestra, plus 15 famous coloured acts. Sun., Jan. 30, 7 p.m. Gaumont State, Kilburn, N.W.6. 3s. 6d.–10s. 6d. MAI. 8081. Doors open 6 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Saturday, February 5, 1955, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. (with running buffet).

I.C.A. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Sat., Jan. 29, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

SATURDAY, Jan. 29. International Friendship League. Dance at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd. (nr. Chancery Lane Stn.). Adm. 4s. 6d. 7.30-11 p.m.

HYPHEN Dance. All welc. Mostly contin. few, & over 21 yrs. Regal, 765 Finchley Rd., N.W.11. Sat., Jan. 29, 7.30. Adm. 6s.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble in a Recital of 18th Century Music. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room, Sun., Feb. 6 at 7.45. The Apollo Society presents a recital of Poetry and Music. Irene Worth and Christopher Hassall (readers), Julian Bream (guitar). WAT. 3191

VOICES for Peace, including those of Peter Pears (accompanied Alan Bush), A. L. Lloyd, Ida Cameron, Beatrix Lehmann, Peter Copley, Walter Hudd, etc., with Frank Merrick (piano), will be heard at St. Pancras Town Hall on Sunday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Adm. 7s., 5s. 6d., 5s. Org. by Joint Cttee., Arts & Sciences for Peace, 37 Newton Rd., W.2

CECIL Aronowitz and Celia Ariel in a Recital of Viola & Piano Sonatas by Dittersdorf, Brahms, John Joubert (1st perf. Schubert Festival Hall Recital Room, Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

VICTORIA Kennedy, songs with guitar. Brazilian Negro Ritual Chants with Drum. Wigmore Hall, Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7.30. Tickets 9s. (ex. 3s.) at Hall (WEL. 2141) & Imperial Concert Agcy., 20 Kingly St., W.1.

BORODIN'S "Prince Igor." Complete Bolshoi Theatre recording. Conductor Melik-Pashayev. Recital Sun., Jan. 30, 7 p.m. at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 1s.).

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EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Earl Haig: "Drawings of a Chinese Journey, 1954" by Denis Mathews. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Feb. 26.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Eight Young British Painters.

GEORGE Morland. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings, Tate Gallery. Closes Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Clapham, until February 6. Admission free.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Closes Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings Colin Moss, Alistair Grant. 10-6 p.m. including Sats.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Two first One-man Exhibitions, Anthony Fry, Jake Nicholson. 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Last week.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Fr. Wed., Feb. 2: Recent Paintings and Tapestries by Louis Le Brocquy.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Robert Hill. Watercolours by Preston Goddard. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Until February 22.

CHILDREN'S Art from India, Pakistan, Ceylon. Imperial Institute, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. Daily 10-4.30. Sundays 2.30-6. Until February 10. Free.

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MEXICAN Book Exhibition. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., Piccadilly. Mons.-Sats. 11-5 Thurs. 11-8. Adm. free.

MEXICO. Paintings and sketches by V. Coverley-Price. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. To Feb. 10. Mon.-Fri. 11-5.30. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Richard Hamilton, Paintings. Till Feb. 4.

YOUNG Contemporaries, Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Jan. 19-Feb. 5.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Sculpture by Fredda Brilliant. From Jan. 25 to Feb. 14. Gallery open daily 11 to 6 including Saturdays.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1. Until Feb. 1.

ARTS Council Collection. A selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 5, weekdays 10-6 (Weds., 10-8). Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Benatov Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until Feb. 22.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Millichip. 11-5.30 daily.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 1, Maulana Abdul Majid, "The Essence of Islam in relation to Modern Times." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Jan. 28, Miss Anne Kennedy-Wilson, "The Lure of Jazz." Fridays, Feb. 4, J. Hutton Hynd, "The Suppression of Communism in U.S.A." Adm. free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. January 30: "What are the Powers of the Soul?"

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, February 2, 6.30 p.m. "The Real and the Unreal." Mr. M. O'C. Walshe.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1 (HYDe Park 9061). February meetings: Thursday, February 3, at 7.30 p.m., John H. Dickinson on "The Causes of Crime"; Chairman, Robert Lusty (members 1s., non-members 2s.). Thursday, February 10, at 12.30 p.m., Fork Lunch to meet Malcolm Muggeridge; Chairman, R. L. West (members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d., including refreshments). Tuesday, February 15, at 7.30 p.m., John Connell on "Thackeray"; Chairman, Lady Mander (members 1s., non-members 2s.). Thursday, February 17, at 7.30 p.m., Giles Dugdale on "William Barnes"; Chairman, Neville Braybrooke (members 1s., non-members 2s.). Wednesday, February 23, at 6.30 p.m., Dr. Alfred Cobban on "The Historical Background of French Politics"; Chairman, Desmond Flower (members 2s., non-members 3s., including refreshments from 6 p.m.).

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., Jan. 31, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: Second of a series of four lectures on Opera and the British Composer. Review of New British Operas: "Midsummer Marriage," "Nelson," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Turn of the Screw." Speaker: Hans Redlich. Members of Composers' Concourse 2s., non-members 3s. Tues., Feb. 1, 6.45 and 8.30. First showing in England of 3 outstanding experimental films by the young American director, Kenneth Anger, inc. "The Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome." Booking in advance (state time) from I.C.A. Gallery (GRO. 2569). Members only 5s. Membership invited.

ANY Questions About Peace and War? The following team will reply to questions: Vera Brittain; Victor Yates, M.P.; Rev. Clifford Macquire; Canon Scrutton; Bernard Withers and Stuart Morris. Sybil Morrison (Question Master). Weigh House, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. on February 9, 1955, at 6.45. Tea from 5.45.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri. Jan. 28, 8 p.m. Dr. N. Zernov: "The Russian Intelligentsia at the Beginning of the 20th Century". Fri., Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Baron Meyendorff: "Arseneys Literary Circle in the Nineties."

CHESS Demonstration/Lecture: "Interesting End-Games." H. M. Lommer, Tues., Feb. 1, 7.30 p.m. at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Ad. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & stud. 1s.)

DONALD Ford: "The Child-care Services." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., January 30, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

PERSONALIST Group. Symposium on "The Third Way in Politics", J. B. Coates and George Frankl, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Feb. 2, at 7.30 p.m.

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Group. "Around the World in Song". International Folk-songs presented on records by E. Mantus. Wed., Feb. 2, 8 p.m., at Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Refreshments. Visitors welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Jan. 30: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Toynbee's Philosophy of History." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

E. Reynolds: "The Indian Village in Transition." Hampstead Ethical Soc., at 42a Westhere Rd., N.W.2 (off Minster Rd., buses 16 & 60). Sat., Jan. 29 at 2.45.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Feb. 3, 7.30. Sir John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., on "Mysticism." All welcome.

MENTAL & Emotional Self Mastery Through Eastern & Western Knowledge and Techniques. William J. Ousby, 6.30 p.m., Thurs., Feb. 3 Conway Hall, Holborn, W.C.1.

INDIAN Institute of Culture. London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. February 4, Dr. Betty Heimann, "The Wider Aspects of Karma." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

"MUST Israel Become a Part of the Middle East?—What are the Implications?" Lecture by Mr. Jon Kimche. Mon., Jan. 31, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1. Chair: Mr. J. Halevy, M.Sc. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"WELFARE State and Future." Prof. Gunnar Heckscher, Stockholm University, with Lord Beveridge in the Chair, at invitation of Anglo-Swedish Society, February 8, London School of Economics, 5 p.m. Recep. 7 p.m. Non-mems. cordially invited.

SHALL Britain close the door to West Indians? Conference on Colonial Immigration to Britain. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, 2.30, Sunday, Jan. 30. Tickets 1s. 6d. at door. London Area Council Movement for Colonial Freedom, 165 Fleet St., E.C.4.

REG Butler speaks on "Sculpture" at Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.) on Tues., Feb. 1, at 8.15. (Arranged by Finsbury Art Group.) Non-members 1s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Ritchie Calder: "From Parish Pump to Polar Politics," Wed., Feb. 2, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"SOVIET Criminal Law & Procedure." D. Collard. Chair: Elliot Goat, Q.C. Mon., Jan. 31, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo-Soviet Law Association. Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. members 1s.). Series tickets for six monthly lectures 7s. 6d. (S.C.R. members 5s.).

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. February 5 at 6 p.m. Poetry readings in languages.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Analysis of Necessary Statements" will be given by Professor Max Black (Cornell) at 5.15 on Feb. 8, 11 and 16 at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

"OPERA in Britain To-day." 8 public lectures Tues. 6.30, beginning Feb. 1. Introductory survey (Eric Walter White); Composing Opera (discussion between Arthur Benjamin, Lennox Berkeley, P. Racine Fricker, John Gardner, Christopher Hassall); Covent Garden (Patrick Terry); Sadler's Wells (Sumner Austin); Conducting Opera (Norman del Mar); Singing in Opera (Joan Cross); Glyndebourne (John Christie); Some Recent Operas (Desmond Shawe-Taylor). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Tickets and details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (WAT. 6872).

JAZZ Appreciation Week-end, Feb. 12-13, James Asman, Mike Butcher, Steve Race, Ken Lindsay, etc. Fee £1 15s. Full parties. from Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Entrance Examination for admission September, 1955, will be held on March 28. Last date for application: March 1. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

CITY of Coventry Training College. Supplementary One-year Course in Mathematics, commencing September, 1955. Students completing two years' training in July, and qualified teachers, are invited to apply for this course, which will enable students to develop their knowledge of Mathematics and qualify as specialist teachers to pupils of varying ability in secondary schools. Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Principal, Training College, Canley, Coventry.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1955, a full-time course, extending over two sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards). London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas: Law and Professional exams. mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH97, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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LANGUAGES taught by conversation at "The Mentor," 11 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044. Special courses include: Basic French for Conversation (Beginners); Finer School French to Spoken French (Intermediate); Colloquial French for Advanced Students; English for Foreign Students; Italian, Spanish and German Classes. Private Lessons. Intensive Courses. Afternoon and Evening. Also lunch-hour courses. Start any time. Enrolment daily 1-9.30 p.m.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 159

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